

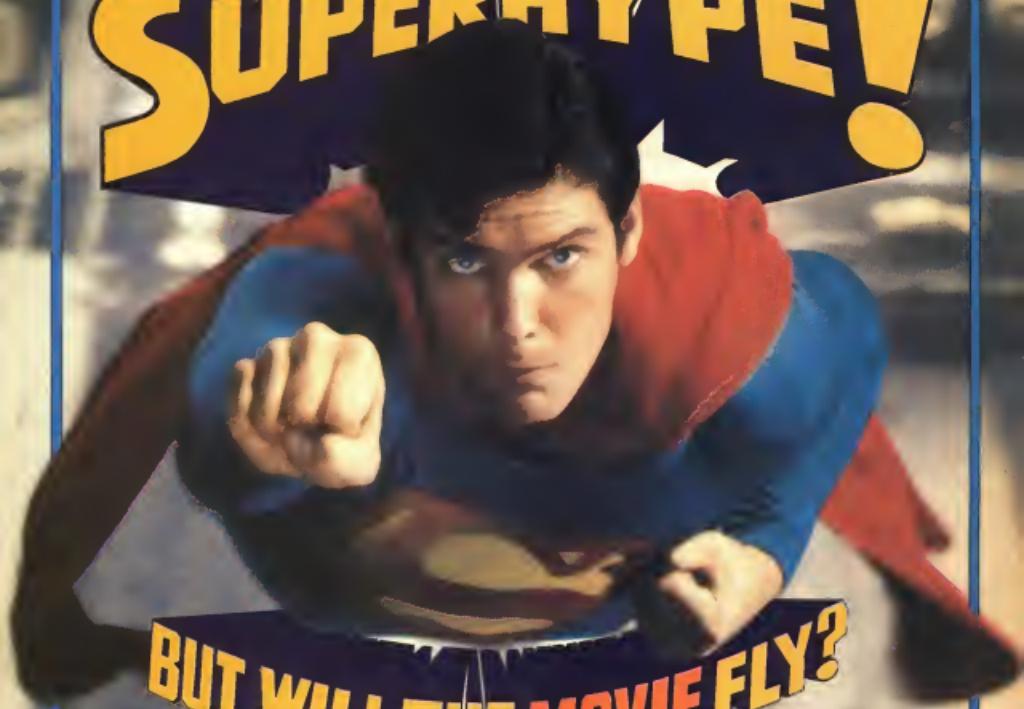
Thaw in China

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

DECEMBER 11, 1978

SUPERHYPE!



BUT WILL THE MOVIE FLY?

DECEMBER 11, 1978

VOL. 91 NO. 31

Frontlines

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A post of light and space and time

Opening this week in Princeton, a show of films and photographs, works by the polymathic Michael Snow, whose wryly spryious wheel perception have been cast in every medium—film, sculpture, music, and most recently, good old-fashioned painting. These days, says Snow, looking back may be a way of doing something new.



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Facing a nip-and-tuck craze

Cosmetic surgery used to be the privilege of the well-to-do. But now following a U.S. trend, teachers, secretaries, even truck drivers have taken the plunge.



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New the mighty have fallen, intentionally

Kenneth Hahn's descent from cafo's inexorable mats to front and centre of The National has gathered him only insults. But the Chairman One must rise above these things, cafo is battling health well.

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A comfortable coffee

The new wave of glossy coffee-table books—just waiting to be picked up for Christmas—includes a look at Israel and Canada's mountains; Greece through Don McCullin's lens; famous Canadians through Karen's lens; Summer Picnic; The National Ballet portraits of the stars and even Wimpy's north end.



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Knowledge of the Nation

Do You Think You're Smart? more books of fun and wisdom from Alice Munro, Robert Kroeser or Canada's superb thrillers from R. L. Percy will fit in. The Eve That Men Do Go the big and bold and sometimes beautiful in books.

Alice Fetteringham / Column

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Lifestyles

There's no easy way to pull it off in your life—and more and more people are trying for the occasion.

Barbara Amiel / Column

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Editorial

Alberta's message to Ottawa: if you don't pass the ball to us, we can always buy it

By Peter C. Newman

If ever the frontier peoples being constantly on the edge of undiscovered potential—within yourself as well as your environment—and it is this kind of inner excitement that's making Alberta both a source of Canada's most vital new literature and focus of unprecedented economic growth. (During the first nine months of 1978, construction dropped 32 per cent in Montreal, stayed even in Toronto, while shooting up 54 per cent in Calgary and 18 per cent in Edmonton.)

Revenues from natural resources are pumping into Alberta's Heritage Fund at a rate which will swell its coffers to more than \$2 billion by 1980 and an estimated \$80 billion by 2000. Even now, if he were so inclined, Peter Lougheed could buy out the CPA with every eight months of resource revenues. At the moment, the premier's secret plan is to turn Edmonton into a world medical research centre.

With the struggle for national unity being waged in Quebec, Pierre Trudeau has paid relatively little attention to Alberta, trying to give Lougheed off to a corner usually reserved for visiting governors of Ethiopia, P.E.I. ministers of tourism and inspectors-general from the World Bank. But instead of actually disappearing or shutting up, the cosy Harvard Business School grad keeps putting the banan on Confederation.

Because it has more money than people, Alberta has been chronically under-represented in Parliament (where power inevitably accrues to Ontario and Quebec), which is why Lougheed deliberately bypasses

every other forum to speak out against—and terrify—Ottawa's representatives at the interminable federal-provincial meetings that have become Canada's fourth level of government.

"They're terrified of me, if that's the right word," he says, "because the federal government will inevitably lose power and influence. All our demands really amount to is that the West as a unit should become a new balance between the Ontario and Quebec axis. Instead of two major players, there will be three."

Ottawa's constitutional bunglers dismiss this as being rhetoric in the soothsaying patter of a Mad Max you can blast only from the grave to dignify for you. The crunch will come next July when the National Energy Board (with cabinet sanctions) will rule on increasing Alberta gas exports.

Whether Ottawa likes it or not, Lougheed will figure prominently in the constitutional bargaining to come. The nine ministers who recently announced their departure from his cabinet have left no power vacuum.

Alberta politics can't be understood outside the context of the Depression, which instead of turning its citizens onto socialism made them determined to become much more dependent on themselves. "I suppose we're operating the kind of society that has existed in Canada for the past 50 years," Lougheed admits, "but we're just trying to balance the equities a little bit on our side. I guess where the real tension lies is that we're saying 'Look, we've always played by your odds and now we're starting to win a little, so please don't go changing the rules on us!'"

DECEMBER 11, 1978

Maclean's

Letters

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Editorial

A poet of light and space and time

Chumba," agrees Michael Snow, "is a giant in his eye and tongue firmly in cheek. 'Chumba might just be the thing. To go with the Canadian art.' Canada's leading experimental artist goes with the suggestion, but he's not about to add angels to his proposed sculpture, a wire and bone flock of 50 life-size magisterial geese designed to look as though they're about to land in the indoor terrace of a downtown shopping centre in Toronto. At 46, renowned by international critics and curators, entrenched in the pantheon of avant-garde film-makers, honored by a Europe-wide retrospective of his films, photographic works, sculpture and paintings opening this week at the prestigous Centre Pompidou in Paris, Snow served up some surprises before jetting to France—the wonderfully surreal sculptural concept with geese and a huge, gridded optical illusion of a painting tentatively titled *The Square Chubut*, his first painting in 12 years.

Painting, declared obsolete by '80s pundits, sprouted overnight by conceptualists who turned to film, video, earthworks and body art—how could Snow, a role model for the up-and-down moderns, resort to such a retardataire medium? "It might be more radical now to be conservative," says Snow, slouched over a Styrofoam cup of tepid coffee in his downtown Toronto studio. "The discursive process seems complete; we

critical, analytical way artists have looked at art since the Impressionists. We may be in a period of apathy where looking back may be a way of finding something new."

In the past two decades, Snow has been playing and playing with visual philosophy. What is real, what is fiction?

Photo: Michael Snow

Can you believe what you see? Or for that matter, understand what you hear? For Snow explores sound as well as image, producing abstracted sound "sculptures," improvisational concerts with the Canadian Creative Mass Collective recordings [i.e., such as *Music for Phone, Whirling, Metamorphosis and Tape Recorder*, accompanied by dense album notes] and of course his films, which have brought him fame, if not fortune, in the world of vanguard art. His last film, completed in 1976, with the exhaustingly title *Rousseau's Notebook for Dilettant* (there is *Dilettant* by Wilson Schoen), continues with and at warathas length—close to five hours—the complex, paradoxical relationships of "talking pictures." It's not a traditional movie with stars and a story line, but rather a vast abstracted sentence detailing the sights and sounds of thought. Michael Snow's "is See/Hear Now" could be Snow's credo for, whatever the medium, he continues to frame and project life perception messages about perception.

"I like the word 'transcendental' be-



'Painting (Closing the Drum Book)', a 1978 Riva photograph, art thinking about art

cause it sounds as though I'm a scientist or a detective," says Snow, carefully focusing two spotlights on his just completed canvas which sits on ender blocks against one stark white studio wall. "This painting, for example, is not as much a decorative object as a record of a really profound and ambiguous experience, the act of seeing. There are many factors involved: the context, the angle, the light I work with, what's there, with the medium, rearranging all the elements in the world that are meant to be used and showing the present. Basically, I'm a poet of light and space and time."

Critics have lavished praise and polarizations on Michael Snow. One New York writer filled six pages with fine print to claim Snow's three-hour landscape opus, *La Bague Centrale*, as the best film held ever seen. And the word "genius" trips lightly off some tongues. Indeed, Snow has achieved several firsts: the first Canadian shown at the Venice Biennale the first, and so far, only Canadian awarded a one-man exhibition at New York's Mo-



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years of Modern Art; the first Canadian given a retrospective at the Impressionist arts complex in Paris. Called from work of the last 14 years (including three major sculptures), the show remains in France until the end of January, then it will tour for a year to museums in Holland, Switzerland and Germany.

Despite all that ego message, Snow stays remarkably earth and unpretentious—Hamble-Pe Mike, as National Gallery curator Pierre Thibierge affectionately calls him. Thin, soft-spoken, with an infectious wit, and wild grey hair (the product of a drastic shaving by artist Joyce Wieland, his wife of 20 years), Snow's tastes run to T-shirts (he's never owned a three-piece suit, such down-to-earth pleasures as a pint of beer in the corner pub, and a small house on the proverbial wrong-side-of-the-tracks, stocked with books, records and art prints). Volume with Canadian Gothic overtones.

Recently, he and Thibierge journeyed into a back booth in a red-saucer restaurant where Toronto artists, entrepreneurs and culture grifters hang out, and over trout amandine, passed their way through a bilingual comedy routine which suggests that, should five art over pills, vaudeville might offer new career opportunities. Not that Snow needs them. Versatile, inventive, he's been a jack of many trades and master of them all: painter, musician, sculptor, printmaker, teacher (Yale University's writer, book producer and, of course, film-maker and photographer). Since the late, great Marcel Duchamp, few

other artists can claim expertise in so many different arts.

"One thing that leads to another," says Snow. In the early '80s, carrying the jazz-based techniques of those and cartoonists, he worked and recorded a *Walking Woman* image, painting her, scrubbing her, caressing her, sculpting her and viering her in his first important film, *The 1964 New York Eye and Ear Control*. Two years later he made *Wavelength*, the movie which made him by winning first prize in the Fourth International Film Festival in Brussels and later, almost every award there was to win. Askow, relentless, 85-minute cameras accompanied by a noisy electronic howl, *Wavelength* finally focuses

the looks and photographs composed of almost a stroke by stroke like paintings.

He's about to make another film, but he seldom goes to other people's movies. "You laugh when the actors laugh, cry when they cry. I get scared like everybody else," Snow explains, "but I'd rather do something more inventive or big over. You have to play, take chances, do things you've never done before, experience feelings you've never felt before. Otherwise you're just an imitator, repeating what you already know. It may be a way of giving someone else something new to give yourself something new."

Merkle Weiler

Be tired to sleep at the wheel

The late-night bumper on radio station Q104 in the Laurentians had an hour north of Montreal. He music itself is calm and very relaxing—so relaxing, in fact, that it may be a threat to public safety. The program has to be interrupted every few minutes to warn drivers listening in their car radios to switch stations and try again.

This isn't just experimental program begun three months ago, with listeners being invited to write in for questionnaires (40 are being used "regularly" right now) to help its operators evaluate the effects of the mysterious subliminal messages superimposed over the music. Though the broadcasts have been denounced in letters in the Montreal press as "the most subtle kind of brainwashing," response has generally been favorable. Our director, Colette Chabot says almost 800 listeners have participated and every retailer should be ready for February or March.

Graham Fraser

Know Images and Influences in Authorization (1989)
what he sees is what we get

on a lyrical photograph of the sea, panuring on its title which refers to ocean, sound and color waves. With process and product, medium, and single-related metaphors suffused in one frame, it becomes an instant icon in structural cinema and inspired later films such as *Book and Forth*, a 30-minute-long, head-wrenching pan of an empty classroom which caused a riot at one screening in New York. Snow constantly recycles, producing books that are like films, films that are

like books and photographs composed of almost a stroke by stroke like paintings.

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Merkle Weiler

Switch on and drop off, subliminally

The serene, soothing voice of psychiatrist François Bourassa comes on the



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Photo by

If you knew sushi like I know sushi

"It's the complete treat," says photographer Lauren Recht, showing a combination of ed, rice and cucumber wrapped in dried seaweed. Joel Grey, Richard Dreyfuss and Liza Minnelli are converts. "I've had great sushi at Fred Segal's in New York as a business trip, confirmed in my orders in 24 hours." Sushi, the traditional Japanese raw fish and rice meal, has become Manhattan's latest gastronomic craze.

"At lunchtime, 70 to 80 per cent of our clients are Westerners," says Nari Hisamatsu, manager of Halalushi, of U.S.A., a popular sushi establishment where lines of eager diners stretch into the street. Diners find raw fish a low-calorie lunch with a lot more zip than cottage cheese and for natural food enthusiasts sushi is the perfect restaurant solution—no artificial colors, flavors or preservatives.



Illustration by G. S. Hirsch

Dinner at at least here, where you can watch the chefs at work slicing marinated, sea urchin and octopus with eye-blinking rapidity, or running a carbon steel knife around a cucumber so deftly that the result is a parchment-like roll that no food processor could reproduce. "It's like watching people do magic with their hands," says Branda.

The sushi bar also offers New Yorkers a peaceful break. In a city where some expensive restaurants treat their clients like kids lining up for juice and cookies, a touch of sincere Japanese hospitality goes a long way toward taking the shock out of that first bite of raw fish.

Rita Christopher



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Food & Wine

The soya dog: the same old dog minus the meat

Alan Kempton has liked hotdogs ever since he was a boy. Now, at 46, he is building a better hotdog. With the help of a \$25,000 research grant from the Ontario Ministry of Agriculture, Kempton, a biologist at Ontario's University of Waterloo, is attempting to create a "soy dog."

A year and a half ago his two-year study of the honorable wiener, Kempton is encouraged by the progress he is making. "By July of next year I think we'll finally be able to scientifically explain what a good wiener is and how to put it together," he says confidently of his work. One major problem has been getting such potential ingredients as soybean protein, powdered skim milk and egg white to meld into a perfect, juicy but crunchy package, because "nobody wants a mushy hotdog."

Kempton's goal is to come up with a hotdog that will be 80 per cent non-meat protein, but still retain a bit of the all-gives. With beef prices up more than 70 per cent from last year, hotdogs are feeling the economic squeeze as much as sirloin. A non-meat wiener, then, could be a big part of the "new wave" in food. Even now Kempton believes that

Researcher Jayne Giacomini tests the product. Take frankfurter of the future?



the hotdog is a nutritious, economical and much underrated food for singles and the elderly. "Those who just need a couple of wiscons and can keep the rest refrigerated for a week or so."

But it is the ability of packaged meatless "frankfurters" or "sausages" that has caused a furor over their qualities. Commercial hotdogs generally contain sodium nitrite, which has been classified as a potential cancer-causing agent.

On this aspect of his border Kempton isn't proposing changes; the soy version will likely use the same additive as its meaty host.

And while the soy dog may not be the perfect frankfurter of the future, the hot dog may be another candidate for many American appetites. If New York City reports that hotdogs have certain certain additives that can make an individual more aggressive and violent—

Marcia Beaton



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Moore and Durelle: nearly neighbors now

Esactly 20 years ago this month—on Dec. 30, 1968—perhaps the most spectacular light-heavyweight match in boxing history was fought in Montreal. "Ancient" Archie Moore, the world champion, a skilled tactician beyond his indeterminate age—nowhere here then at 32 and 47—was the classic pouter-mouster from against the Canadian and British Empire champion, Yvan Durelle, a muscular young fisherman from Baie St. Anne, New Brunswick.

No one expected much of a fight. Moore opined that the eager Moore would handle 22-year-old Durelle's future.

Moore (below) keeping them off the street, Durelle (right) fixed on ball, and a feedback (bottom) to the Big Fight of '68



RONALD FEDERER

Durelle is back in New Brunswick, where his mark sport now is curling ("When I curl there's lots of noise," he says. "I like to holler at the rocks"). Moore, whose home is in San Diego, California, is spending a year at Nova Scotia teaching school kids about vanillas, deer and seabirds and, in between, teaching a little boxing.

Not surprisingly, both fighters still recall their classic match vividly. "I could never forget it," says Moore. "It was one of the toughestights of my whole career. Durelle was certainly a competitive young man and a tremendous hitter with both hands." Moore succinctly, Durelle recalls, "It was a hellish fight."

Moore remembers the match's turning point coming when he went back to his corner after Durelle's devastating punch felled him in the 11th round. The fight was over. Moore the winner by a 10-9 decision, though Moore still intact. In his dressing-rooms afterward, Durelle sobbed and said, "I was trying too hard, that was my mistake. I was too eager."

This 20th anniversary happens to find the ex-boxers within a few hundred miles of each other in the Maritimes.

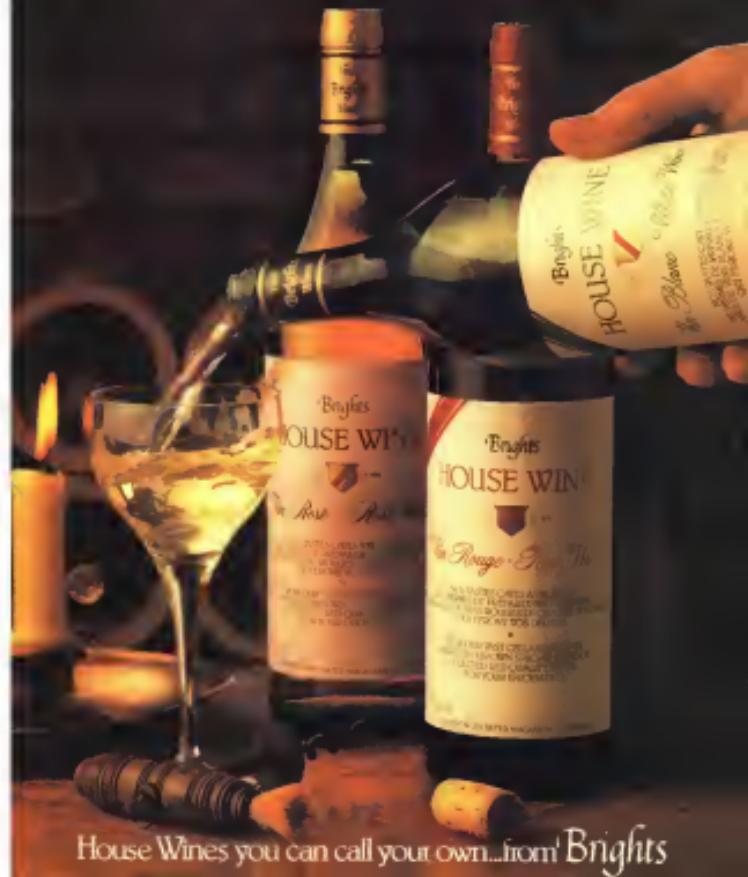
Their current work isn't new to him. He started a successful youth program called ABC (for Any Boy Can) in California in 1968. Later he worked with youngsters and coached boxing in Nigeria. He was persuaded to visit Nova Scotia by Harland Hastings, a Halifax doctor whom he first met in Jamaica 20 years ago. "Archie is much bigger than boxing," Hastings believes. "He is the legendary fighter, but quite apart from that he is a true motivator of young people."

Back in Baie St. Anne, Durelle remains as ingenuous and good-natured as ever, despite a clutch of personal setbacks. Financial problems have often stalked him—"I never made a dime from boxing," he says. Last year he was acquitted of a second-degree murder charge after the defense argued that the victim, shot outside a bar, Durelle inside, had been provoked to fight and the killing was in self-defense. At 49, Durelle spends his time helping his wife around the house, attending sports events, and making daily trips to nearby Chatham for coffee and talk with friends.

In January they will relocate at a vacation dinner in Saint John, N.B. In the meantime, "Ancient" Archie will mark another event this month: his birthday on Dec. 13 when, he confides, he will be "somewhere between 60 and 70." —David Federer

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Lord Verhama fastened the window and turned to see her in the candlelight standing in her white nightgown with her fair hair streaming over her shoulders and Bobo in her arms.

She looked so lovely that he drew in his breath and only with the greatest difficulty prevented himself from sending rewards her and pulling her against him.

"We will get Bobo a bottle," he said.

We're on page 135 of *The Wild Geese*, by the world's most prolific writer of such fiction, Barbara Cartland. For over 180 pages now, Lord Verhama has been snatching his skittish young bride, who falls down the well chasing that scamp, Bobo. But Lord Verhama is patient, as patient as a Barbara Cartland reader, waiting for that breathless climax of doom, that is apocalyptic — even that suggests abandon. Cartland always holds out till the last page, and her readers like that very much.

Barbara Cartland's name is an every paperback rack; Britain publishes two of her new books every month. She's the long-reigning queen of the "imperial" romantic novel, and at 71, she shows no signs of running off the track, although 1978 was not a bumper year. "Only 18 books this year, I'm afraid," she sighs. "Now 1979, that was a really good year. Twenty-four books I should be in the Guinness Book of World Records with that total."

The Cartland fiction factory is Cartfield Place, a stucco mansion on 40 green acres in Hertfordshire, about 45 minutes from Piccadilly Circus. Her trademark, an ornate white Rothko-style, stands in the gravelled driveway in front of the century-old house. "Over there," she tells her visitors, "is an oak tree planted on the spot where Queen Elizabeth I killed her first stag."



The grande dame of paperback romance with these Cartland books. Low prices, maybe later, depending on the reader.

Barbara Cartland barely looks 40, a tall, robust woman with an ample figure and elegantly coiffed platinum blonde hair. Her clothes are designed by the Queen's couturier, Norman Hartnell, "an old friend."

Barbara once called her a cross between Mae West and黎lah, but upper-class British elegance is more her style. The white Pekinese dog constantly at her feet or in her lap, is dressed if it is blow-dried daily.

Bobo, middle-aged Cartland's son, is an executive in her corporation. Her secretary, in shifts, poised away at typewriters in the dark recesses of the mansion. A stereographer is in an armchair promptly at 1 p.m. each day, when Barbara Cartland reclines on a chaise longue, arranging her latest Hartnell creation around her and begins to tell a story. "Her voice screamed 'Fairy' in every line," she relates, describing the launch of *A Princess of Denmark*. "She wore jewelry which was reported to have been bought at her small feet by two of the Croesus Heels of Europe." The 10,000-word monologues goes on for several hours. Then she rises, the secretary staggers off to her maidens and by the end of the day Barbara Cartland is reading the latest chapter of her current book-in-progress.

"That's why my books sell so well, my dear," she insists. "When you dictate, you tend to tell just stay in nice short little paragraphs. My readers detest long paragraphs. Short ones look so much nicer, don't you agree?" After seven days on the couch her new book is completed, for an audience who loves to read the same story again and again. The historic settings ensure, dukes become barons or lords, but the

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Reviews

covers always feature the same melting ambience, with the couple fully clothed (preferably in...). Romantic bedding costumes or riding breeches) and virgin on rapturous encounters. The titles (*Never Laugh At Love*, *Punishment of a Virgin*, *Say Yes, Sennadis!*) are in small type, under the author's name, with large. The title of every novel is really *Before Courtship*.

With her total worldwide sales approaching the 100-million-book mark, she sells just about everywhere except Russia and China. "I do very well in the Middle East," she reports, "and have lots of new readers there. The Arabs like their women virgins. I'm told Egypt's President Sadat is sent copies of everything I write as soon as it comes off the press."

Bartman has long since learned that whatever Barbara writes, sells, so they've packed all their promotional gear for a big salvo. "I'll be in North America for two weeks in March," she confides, "to do all the TV shows and things like that. I love it over there. Norman has already designed some nice new things for me to wear when I go." And then there is a new record in the works! Barbara Cartland's *Album of Love Songs*. Her backup band is the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Mr. Wonderful, Alouette, A Nightingale Sang on Berkeley Square, she wields through all of them very credibly, linking the numbers with reminiscences of her life and loves, which include a deceased husband, and 49 sisters.

"She went about it very seriously," recalls record producer Norman Newell. "Took music lessons. Picked her numbers very carefully. After watching her work, I said, 'You're a genius.' She also managed to write and sell 300 million books, she's 90 percent genius."

A debutante at the end of World War I, Cartland got started in 1922 writing as a Fleet Street gossip columnist. Then the novels began, and she never looked back. Can she explain why her love-girl novels keep selling in an age when adult chastity is almost an anachrony? "It's the pornography, dear," she explains. "My readers are sick of it. After all, you can't get more sick than naked and my readers begin to wonder if they're normal when they don't have sex spade down swinging from chandeliers. No, my readers want to read about bodies being made love to gently in the moon light with a frilly nightie on, and that's what I give them." On the last page:

Arturo F. Gonzalez Jr.



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Letters

A band less sinister

Your cover story, *The Armed Forces* (Nov. 6), makes a great deal of play about the visiting British SAS, with its so-called "tactics to kill," and speculation much about civil war. This cannot fail to create the impression that there is something sinister about the Canadian army. In fact, the SAS is a self-contained brigade group equipped for a conventional war in Europe. It has a portable hospital and medical units. Its main mission is to conduct reconnaissance, neutralize squadrons of helicopters, artillery, engineers, bridges, and so on. These assignments would not be found in a force like the smaller and predominantly infantry unit, furthermore, in the article *Anger Rides Big* (page 16) you incorrectly call the new Tom anti-aircraft missile a gun.

G. F. ARMSTRONG, OTTAWA



REUTERS

BSF soldiers no friends to India

I read with some interest the article on the Canadian Armed Forces, but I am amazed at the frequency of the use of the word "killing" when referring to the actions of the various lots. Who doesn't suppose killing the public the truth? There are no live troops anymore. The drivers went out with berets, pattern and the damnable utilitarian policy of the Liberal government.

W. PETER CRAMPTON
EX-CANADIAN GUARDIAN
GAKERSHAW AVIATION LTD.
PEMBROKEFIELD, ONT.

Those who are knowledgeable in military affairs do not "wonder why the forces [do] not have 2,500 pairs of handbooks and 17,800 gas masks." Internal security operations may require the use of chemical agents to disperse rioters and troops must be so equipped. During the October Crisis, troops practiced crowd control formations wearing gas masks. Handbooks might be necessary if the army had to carry out arrests as part of its internal security operations. Furthermore, despite the fact that Canadian forces have not faced gas attacks since 1918, it is an eventuality for which they must be equipped. The Soviet Army regards the use of chemical agents as an integral element of conventional tactics. To fail to equip our troops to deal with this potential threat would be nothing short of criminal.

DAVID A. CHARTIER, DEPT. OF PHYSICS,
UNIVERSITY OF NEW BRUNSWICK
FREDERICTON

Suffering small

Thanks to Warren Gerson for the excellent coverage on the "plight of Canada's kids," in *Kids Without Rights* (Nov. 20). Budget cuts at the federal and provincial levels are hurting the educational system, and we must do something. It's always the disadvantaged who suffer.

ALEX GIOVIN, PRESIDENT,
ONTARIO PUBLIC SCHOOL NURSES TEACHERS
FEDERATION, TORONTO

Chinese checkered

At least Barbara Amiel admits her ignorance of China in her column, *Chinese Villages Have Picture Postcards* (Nov. 13). She is so right. To speak of "clarity of vision" with reference to a place of admitted action by a Chinese warlord born in Taiwan is absurd in the extreme. To equate the progress of the Chinese people with that old chestnut, Potemkin village, is ridiculous. Unfortunately, China is inexplicable in words. The country must be experienced to understand it.

JON RICHARDSON, KING, ONT.

Culture block

Just for the record, the "surgeon" of New Galois, mentioned in Lawrence O'Toole's column for *The Standard* (Oct. 31), are too long on quoting and too short on writing to be regarded as anything but the latest in a series of amateurish efforts to bring up a can of worms. Barbara Amiel's newest album, I think of O'Toole and other "civilized" Canadians would start showing a bit more awareness and respect of other cultures, we Canadians abroad would not have to put up with such statements as, "Oh, you're a Canadian... but you don't look like an Einstein..." or "you speak French, of course."

MICHAEL TURNER, PAPUA, NEW GUINEA

Barbara Amiel seems to have searched far and wide before finally finding someone to corroborate her preconceived notion of what life was like in China. She discusses positive sides of the country as resulting from "a false front presented to us by glibly paid-off" I suggest, however, that she doesn't, by itself, does not imply that evil lurks behind. Think of Santa Claus. What is the message for this country?

ELAINE H. DISTERHOFT,
LOWER WEST PARKWOOD, N.S.

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Guidelines

The middle-class theme B

Macdonald's article is to be commended for drawing a fair picture of the independent school movement in Ontario. A *Decredit* Course in Public Education (Nov. 19) This is the first article by a major Canadian magazine to show the essentially middle-class support for such schools, a much misunderstood fact, since the popular image of independent schools is that they serve only the financial élite.

LYLE SECRETARY, EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR,
ONTARIO ASSOCIATION OF ALTERNATIVE
AND INDEPENDENT SCHOOLS,
TORONTO

A backscatter driver bank

After reading *The Endless Drivers Who Must Let Up* (No. 13), I would like to tell Graham Fraser and anyone who believes there is a "fucking success story of the women's movement in North America" that they are wasted. Women are merely learning that the effects of racism intersect and publicly are ephemeral. To achieve sexual results, the power structures be they political, economic, academic or cultural must quickly be penetrated by everyone. The women's movement is only as strong as those who are female within them, when there are female representatives in every aspect of decision-making, shall our interests be served. The list of grievances is long and has been ignored for just as long. But time, gentlemen, is on our side. History has proven those who believe an issue is dead when the dust has down are generally convinced otherwise. The battle is won when the opponent is in the dark.

A letter with answers

After reading *The First Pictures Show* (*pp. 64-65*), I feel you can say anything like about Gershwin's. You can refer to him as a neophyte if you want, but he has the dash and pluck that marked the Mayors and the Goldwyns of yesterday, along with the fast, showmanship, that characterized the like of Joseph E. Levine, Bensinger and Solotow. Where are Canada's equivalents of Italy's Poerl or Germany's Klemperer? Or Sweden's Bengtson? Let's not quote so slumbering about a Canadian producer who might, in fact, have some of the likes! Instead to succeed, I think we have to agree that Drabinsky is already fulfilling his role as a successful movie producer, whether or not you see it.

Happy Holidays



Editor

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Parlez-vous encore

In your report on the problems of French-language film-makers in Canada, *Parlez-vous cinéma?* (See BN, you rightly recognize the \$1.5-million contribution of the Institut Québécois du Cinema but the Institut is not alone. This year the Canadian Film Development Corporation will invest \$1 million in eight French-language films. Another \$500,000 will go into the development of five films for future production.

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Preview

We stand on trial for thee

Jacques and Louise Cassette-Trudel, the exiled kidnappers of British Trade Commissioner James Cross, will be home for the holidays for the first time in eight years. The couple, who were arrested Dec. 2, 1976, and exiled to Cuba (two years later they moved to Paris), are scheduled to arrive with their two children at Montreal's Mirabel Airport Dec. 27. Then they will be charged with at least five criminal counts including kidnapping, conspiracy, possession of illegal weapons and assault. Should the couple plead guilty, as their Montreal lawyer Serge Meador has indicated they will, the course of justice will be swift and unrelenting. However, a non-guilty plea could turn the trial into an *inquiry* into the still-shrouded events of the 1970 October Crisis. At such a trial, even Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau could be called as a witness.



Cassette-Trudel: Trying hard to live the life of a disaster

will decline. Further news, which the citizens won't want to, is the prediction that in the next 10 years, 25 per cent of incomes will be eaten up by energy costs. Not surprisingly, a large migration of residents to Alberta is also projected.

Whazzzzzt?

Since the season to be jolly is upon us, shopping sales are undoubtedly on the rise, but so, too, are losses due to shoplifting. However, one New York chain of department stores is using subliminal suggestions in their Massak system to deter store-wide thefts. The messages, transmitted below the level of conscious hearing, repeat the words, "I am honest, I will not steal," and apparently buyers have taken the injunction to heart. In the six weeks the system has been operational, shoplifting has decreased by 30 per cent. Canadians need not worry about being seduced into buying this season, however, since no stores have tried the system.

ently buyers have taken the injunction to heart. In the six weeks the system has been operational, shoplifting has decreased by 30 per cent. Canadians need not worry about being seduced into buying this season, however, since no stores have tried the system.

No sex, we're Mexican

In an effort to prevent sexual assaults in its public transit system, Mexico City is considering sexually segregated subways during rush hours. An experiment now in effect on one of Mexico City's three main subway lines requires female and male passengers to ride in separate cars, the first three reserved for women, the last four for men. So far the trial system has resulted in fewer cases of assault and fewer complaints from women about over-zealous men squeezing their breasts and feathering their buttocks.

Now

Cover Story 46

Superype!

But will the movie fly?

Supermen, the most expensive movie ever made, is also the most hyped up and linked up. (See Marion Blaikie's virtually unknown lead and director, and four years of drama and trouble got the Man of Steel off the ground?) Nobody will know until Dec. 15 when the movie is unleashed on 700 theaters. Much like a look at the merchandising machine that Supergirls has created and tells the story of its quicklime metamorphosis into one of celluloid's well-known hot items, that added David O. Selznick on the screen and off. Director is the man who was Canada's Mervyn Redler. In fact one of the hero's creators was a Canadian too—Joe Shuster first drew the comic *Superman* in 1938.



Canadian News

Barons on Fire Mount with a series of buying bonfires Churchill Mandate into the bright light for Ontario's slow-growing kids. How inflating inflation boasters pushes hospital patients away in Alberta and gets into the basement the ultimate Christmas gift train down south.

The World

China is in a spasm as citizens try to dry salt water from their mouths and drink it. American girls' newsworthy activity: Macmillan engineers trying Cambodia meat on menus in the Balkans. Jeremy Thorpe's scandal still rolls on the U.S. West, while another human rights disaster strikes in Germany the 20 million Kowloon shacks.

TV Critic

Business

Hawaiian shirts come of investment age. Double Dutch. Look for the U.S.-U.K. exchange controls to fly up again. Consolidated third-levels a run at Roths.

Sports



Canadian News

The Sermons on the Mount: isn't this where we came in?

By Ian Urquhart

Like in the final day of last week's federal-provincial conference on the economy, a weary Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, having just endured yet another harangue from the Quebec delegation about Ottawa's policies, turned to Manitoba Premier Sterling Lyon who was indicating he wanted to speak next. Trudeau nodded. "Premier! Wait!"

Wait? Wait has not been precisely of Trudeau since 1968. But few could blame Trudeau for the skip because, as the conference droned on to a close, the sense of having been there before was overpowering. The wonder was that Trudeau managed not to doze off during the three days of endless discussion and political posturing by provincial premiers and federal ministers alike. Really difficult, ta-tat-tum was Trudeau's assessment of the conference in his wrap-up statement. "In

the eyes of almost all of us," he concluded, "this has been a successful conference."

In fact, the conference accomplished little. It was meant as a follow-up to the February federal-provincial conference, which discussed structural economic problems and tentative solutions. Canada, surely everyone agrees, needs a new industrial strategy to take the place of John A. Macdonald's 90-year-old national policy of tariff protection and railway promotion. But few can agree on the nature of such a strategy. In an effort to fill the void, the federal government produced dozen of position papers and policy statements for presentation to last week's conference. These were supplemented by other papers from the provinces, particularly British Columbia and Ontario, and from nests of business and labor leaders up to study Canada's manufacturing industries. It was as if Ottawa, the province, business and labor were trying to drown the problems in words. But all that paper did not produce agreement.

The conference did serve as a platform for the announcement of two new agreements between Ottawa and Alberta in the energy field. The agreements had been reached the week before at a private meeting between federal Energy Minister Alfonso Gillogly and his Alberta counterpart, Don Getty. But Ottawa waited the conference to endorse the action taken. That was no problem for one of the agreements—the lowering of the price of natural gas for new customers in Eastern Canada to expand the market for the fuel. But the pipeliners waited at the other—agreement of the scheduled oil price hike like on Jan. 1. The oil-containing provinces, particularly Ontario, were very leery about endowing that agreement because it also included a commitment to raise the move toward world petroleum prices later on with increases scheduled for July 1.

1979 and Jan. 1, 1980. Although two price hikes would be less painful than three for consumers, Ontario's Bill Davis did not want to be seen as supporting any price hike at all. Davis, in effect, washed his hands of the affair and left it to Ottawa and Alberta to decide.

The oil companies, who had pushed in the past to erect federal-provincial conferences, wondering about the money they had helped create last week's conference, was the third bid in the open this year and the second in less than a month, following the constitutional conference at the end of October. Besides creating jobs for translators and a new market for paper swallows, little appears to have been achieved. Trudeau, however, disagreed with that assessment at his post-conference meeting with the press. "I would say that the other provinces and ourselves went through a lot of tedious reports and statements of positions, which were not only tedious for us to produce over but I suppose for you, the media, to report. But they were all very important, maybe even crucial in terms of what happened."

Trudeau also disagreed with suggestions that more would have been accomplished had the meeting been held in early

Conference à Ottawa: le toll régale (left) and disgruntled Trudeau (right)

local management of the economy, interference in its jurisdiction and subsidies in its aid. Quebec Premier René Lévesque and his ministers, who had adopted a relatively low profile at federal-provincial conferences until last week, were evidently responsive to point that out to the others in their provinces. That performance left the other provinces, some of which had gone to Ottawa with a genuine interest in finding solutions, something, and may have destroyed Lévesque's hard-earned credibility with his English-speaking counterparts.

In contrast, Alberta's Peter Lougheed, previously a harsh critic of Ottawa, adopted a conciliatory line during the conference. There were suggestions he was simply happy over the Grey Cup victory of his old team, the Edmonton Eskimos, at the eve of the conference. But even before the conference began, Lougheed and Alberta were in an uncompromising mood, which led to the agreement with Ottawa on oil and gas prices. Those agreements, notwithstanding a constitutional crisis on the pending issue, had been signed off of by a few weeks before when Lougheed had left the constitutional conference with the clear message that he was not satisfied with the considerable options for his uncompromising stance at that conference and seemed to be determined to be more

Saskatchewan fought. Manitoba's Lyon, the most right-wing of all the premiers, condemned government deficits, public works projects, Petro-Canada and foreign investment controls, while Saskatchewan's Alice Ebdon, the only surviving non-prime minister, did not.

Good will and diverse views, there was little chance from the outset that the conference would be able to settle on the contents of an industrial strategy. The government, in effect, had alienated the duty of drawing one up to the federal government, providing they are consulted and retain the right to complain about Ottawa's decisions. In Ottawa, the task fell to the new economic development board under Robert Andras, which held its first meeting last week after the conference had ended. "I do not perceive any industrial strategy with all the Ts crossed and it dotted," Andras told the premiers before they went home. "But I do agree with the other aspect of that same outcome, that what a task must be done in developing a set of industrial policies that corroborate and support economic and social growth." The premiers will get a progress report a few days now, when they are scheduled to meet again to discuss the economy.

National

Land of the small-time spenders

Just like other ordinary but affluent Canadians, they drive Porsches, Chevrolets and Dodges. Shelling \$100,000 in savings accounts yielding a modest eight or nine per cent. They prefer to travel by air, buy leather jackets and go to the beach. They average \$10,000 a year in lottery tickets and \$100 a week in the 10th Grade. These are the instant millionaires, those lucky and much-enraged buyers of the lottery tickets that sweep them overnight to fame and fortune. Just like everybody else—only richer.

This month Lotterie Canada releases a scintillating study of the altered lifestyles of 80 Canadian lottery big-winners, with special emphasis on millionaire. In its author, Roy Kaplan, a respected American sociologist, and his French-speaking researcher, Marjolaine Martin, both drove more than 8,000 miles across Canada this past summer tracking down the sensations reluctantly, even reluctantly, for lengthy interviews. Last week, Kaplan was given an advance look at what they learned.

After the initial euphoria wears off, most winners turn out to be slow savers and big losers who quietly re-



ers. "I think the excitement would have been the same. We might have got through it a bit more quickly and with less blinding lights in our eyes, but, if that is important for the people of Canada to know how we operate, I am happy."

What the people of Canada, or at least those who were actually watching, saw was a blinding attack by the Quebec delegation on Ottawa for al-

most last week.

But other provinces were still in a mood to fight and baffle. The conference witnessed Ontario and BC squaring off over the issue of tariff protection, and Ontario and the Atlantic provinces in conflict over regional development grants. Even the neighboring provinces of Manitoba and

*Kaplan uses a helping verb like "was."

vert to their basically normal, dull lives. For sure, about half of them took off on holiday trips to seek wilder exotic spots as Jamaica, Las Vegas and Long Island, and one Quebec winter splashed \$15,000 on two weeks in Hawaii for his family of six. But when the holiday was over it was back to routine. The most extreme response, Koenig notes, was "The girl who wanted to do nothing but go to the beach." This means, for example, of 70 driving the car for pleasure, patterning across the bars and reading newspapers. "But during a long low season, for instance, there was substantial change in lifestyle; more than three-quarters of the English-breakfast wingers and two-thirds of the



Bellefonte, Ontario) million-splitter David Blair, Clearance Graham, Debbie Davis, Ken Gossenblat and John Miller, winners.com Inc.

French-speaking millionaires quit their jobs. And Kaplan reports that excepting those teetotal, usually blue collar rats who then averaged \$10,580 a year, spills happiness.

by, how did they stand it? The man commanding was war a year, though more often a Chet than a Stringer. General gave good sums from a few hundred to several thousand dollars a year to the church and charities. One witness devoted \$6,000 to the Salvation Army. An Ottawa-area trapper who had lost his wife and his health, a fisherman who lost his family and his home, another who used his money to open a fish and chip shop, that kind of thing, another could not have \$1. In Toronto, a 45-year-old hotel-keeper at a resort put out his winnings in lottery-like sums and now spends part of the day managing a branch of the Cunard Islands and the distance he really needs to walk past the water was the old Harbourfront Inn. He bought a local boat, tripled the staff and posted \$400,000 worth of new fixtures during his first year. He has reached grateful customers who say, "These people are just too honest."

about big women have become big losers. One woman is so afraid of kid-

suggest that she now kept locked inside a high-wire fence behind a remote-controlled wrought-iron gate. A young Quebecer was killed last year while driving the car he bought after his \$600,000 wig. One woman millionaire divorced her husband and lives alone in a beautiful new home, not far from the supermarket where her husband still works. "Do you think I'd be working here if they gave me any of the money?" he asked the interviewer.

None of this has surprised Roy Kaplan, an associate professor at the State University of New York at Buffalo, who has just published the results of his American study, *Letting Women Live*.

Barbara's entire system of active treatment hospitals, auxiliary hospitals for long-term care and nursing homes had been turned into one vast emergency ward by last week. Nurses were cooking breakfast, payroll clerks were feeding the infirmary and volunteers were assembling stretchers to ensure stretchers cut off from their usual round of recreational activities. Following a breakthrough by 4,000 nonmedical staff at 23 institutions in a score of cities and towns, general hospitals were accepting more emergency cases but were also admitting patients suddenly taken seriously ill while under long-term care. Where possible, nursing homes referred patients to their family physicians—although in at least a couple of instances families sent them back.

Assessments have been cut, which was a six per cent guarantee for me. I held town by largely in Calgary, working, residing in Calgary, whose Calgary Guarantee trust structures were \$4.25-to-\$1.31-as enough to live on if you just eat. And it just isn't happening.

been offering as is a good deal better than what Alternatives offers. Although the majority of the strike releases were won, there is (particularly over the pickets) a sense of stiffness. John Ralston, who is reporting back to the convention, reflects the opinion of many: "I can't help but argue that the 16-hour wages seem reasonable." "You don't live at the beach," he says, "and six percent added to the cost of living is not much."

Alberta

A picket a day keeps the patients away

Barbara's entire system of active treatment hospitals, auxiliary hospitals for long-term care and nursing homes had been turned into one vast emergency ward by last week. Nurses were cooking breakfast, payroll clerks were feeding the infirmary and volunteers were arranging meals to avert shutdowns set off from their usual round of recreational activities. Following a walkout by 4,000 nonmedical staff at 23 institutions as a wave of strikes and walkouts, general strike committees had sprung up in every hospital but were also advertising any project to suddenly take over management if it was under long-term care. Where possible, nursing home residents were sent to their families temporarily—although in at least a couple of instances, families sent them back.

and/or patients
229 to other institutions
latter are now under
Alberta Union of
(ATPE) as presented
whose staff are
The present situation
not stepped down
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presented

been offering as is a good deal better than what Alternatives offers. Although the majority of the strike releases were won, these (particularly over the pickets) were not stiffened. John Ralston, who is reporting back to the union, reflects the opinion of many when he argues that the one-hour wage settlement "You don't live at six o'clock and six percent added to it much."

their families, but a para-medical live-stake victim doubled over like a bulldog might be hard to convince the right-angled ones for "elective surgery" and can wait. One outpatient's anguish when a bypass was suggested on a possibly malignant growth in his heart was that he could not bear to have it cut out in the light as an "elective procedure." Bahns' idea is to bring all into the emergency category and patients to be made to fare as better than usual at the Salvation Army's Grace Hospital in Calgary, though women's tibbles may cringe at Major St. Walker's remarks: "Since this is a 400-

10 of 10

Don't anybody light a match

When Peter Lougheed's government passed the Alberta Retail Gas Act in 1973 to supply oil-gas in some 80,000 retail gas bars and tanks, the move was widely hailed as one of the most gas-oriented public utility ventures ever. The uniquely elaborate delivery system—started in the spring of 1973—in a penniless province that annexed and incorporated 22,000 miles beneath the resource-rich Alberta soil, largely consumer gas on demand, was seen to be up to operate it all and be responsible for raising half the cost of distribution and installation [anonymously loaning \$100 million] with the Alberta government in the other half. But no sooner was the first few thousand miles of pipeline and plant in the ground when

track and has been
natural gas into the Alberta

island records, many of the smaller ones haven't a clue. Cost of replacing the defectors would thus range from a B.C. estimate of \$12.6 million to as low as estimates of as high as \$25 billion. The Alberta government offered to pick up 80 per cent of the

by any number of factors. Iron ion/gum substances in the resin is questionable binding during installation. The smaller resin molecule in the coats Sustene Corp has a \$500,000.00 pending against Phillips.

strengths about the
middle of the gov-
ernment. Members
eventually came
out with par cent of
the savings and
the rest were
distributed among
the members.

Visiting the ghost of Churchill past

By Peter Carlyle-Gordon

Doug Henry, chief engineer of the \$11-million Churchill Town Centre complex, sadly packed his bags last week and flew 700 miles south to Wisconsin.

ping in look for work. He had held the job with the centre opened in 1875 until his first—and still bad—Churchill. He quit a good job in a town with 25 per cent unemployment because his conscience bothered him. "If you run a centre you're going to have to spend a lot of \$12 million and then say it will be a going concern on \$100,000." He explained abruptly before he left. "It's like having a brand-new car and not having enough money to change the oil. We don't have enough engineers or maintenance men and sooner or later something will go badly, perhaps dangerously, wrong."

But what on earth in Churchill, population 1,000 and falling, doing with such a plentiful supplies containing everything from a high school, civic offices and a hospital to a hockey arena, curling rink, bowling alleys, poolroom, swimming pool, theatre, library, cafeteria, and such minor trinkets as a \$16,000 children's slide in the form of a stylized polar bear? Residents alternately call the centre—which they apparently but didn't ask for—a "Caféline," a white elephant and a milestone. It might equally be termed a monument to bureaucratic ingenuity on a grand scale—an expensive piece of driftwood left behind by a fast-departing tide of what Mayor Leo Oland, 57, calls "eastern officials." These northern surpluses are federal and provincial government employees who do a brief stint in the North, set which in motion, then exit stage south, leaving the permanent residents to cope with what's left behind. In Churchill they have left quite a lot.

Churchill and its "suburbs" lie at the mouth of the Churchill River on the northwestern shore of Hudson Bay. From its northern part, fisheries, 35 to 30 million bushels of wheat and barley are loaded during the three or five months each summer to Europe via steamer to Europe. A mile back from the steamer docks the new charter boats are moored about their slips, impeding new entry. To the east



the new houses and train unskilled, unskilled residents—mostly negroes—to earn these.

Major Ostrand recalls the remark of Churchill, "We were never certain about the plan but we didn't say 'Too much happened too fast. Es-

"... were flown in and flown out. Local consumers were just necking and digging off the leftovers while the big crowds went to outsiders. As the good entertainment giveth, so it taketh away."

the taking over started even as the
fighting began, when the National Re-

headed downtown Churchill, the
country continues at left value, and ob-
scure "Lewis squares." Thus no Busters
live the wider or their discontent

Council slashed via Churchill

from 200 to 60 in 1978, now at 25, it's down to five by 1988. Worse

at the site. The final step was selection of Prentre Stirling Leger's wastewater treatment plant in the fall of 1987.

Pledged to eliminate "site waste management," it closed the rock salt Pro-Pak Plant, which had handled up to 90 million cu ft in four years. The units trained and put to work were converted from space to the welfare industry and the Churchill branch of Altonovos Anonymos now holds a half-kilometer in storage, says Jack O'Connor, owner of Rock Enterprises (salt drills and gravel chips). "The casting was a crazy idea."

The present government says it "nothing doesn't make a profit to it. They'd never pass out care."

at the Churchill survivors, now settled in far less mass long winter's sage, sticking because they love the life. It's the place of those who once sought wealth were looking for "some over the rat race," he left behind there. "There's a feeling of being to other people here, a feeling that is all the same," says Darren, school-board member and the wife's with, mother of six. Besides outdoor recreation available at the town centre, "it's a good outdoor kind of environment and snow." Like others, the grizzlies of high northern prairie country 42-35 inches, hang up to 400 pounds, with a tail measured to 55 centimetres. But when MacLean's visited Canada, they'd just returned from range and were clearly relieved as he notes. Says Chamber of Commerce director Jim Clutter, "I guess this is the winter of our discontent—but survivors will be the true northern survivors."

Research The Churchill Northern
Fox Project, www.nrc.ca/fox/

This centre, serving students and courses in ecology and related disciplines for visiting scientific researchers, was created two years ago by McGill residents with Manitoba and government help. Catering to 50 people at a time, it plans modest expansion.

Polar bears Churchill's five hotels and accommodations may be summer visitors who go to study northern flora and fauna and its almost over-friendly bear. Southern travel agents are trying to offer package tours.

Greater prairies segments. The port handle made if only ca's move its roadbed to withstand the new heavier hopper cars Churchill claims suspect counter-lobbying by eastern ports and Jack O'Connor, of the law's daughter survivors, has one starkly prophetic view of future "If Quebec were to separate yesterday across to the St. Lawrence, it might be the best thing that happened to Churchill" ◇

The long and the short and the tall

At the best of times, parents have a difficult answering their children's questions. But why is the sky blue? and where do babies come from?—while demanding a certain amount of ingenuity in the handling, pale in comparison to a question that children with growth hormone deficiencies have been asking their parents endlessly: Why can't I being allowed to grow? The answer until recently has been a truly one that, more often than not, reduced both child and parent to tears.

It is simply that public awareness of the problem has been so vague—there are only about 250 such children in Canada, 100 of them in Ontario—that not

enough people were donating their pituitary glands to science after death. Consequently, growth hormone which can be extracted from the glands and made into a serum to be injected into children who have stopped growing is always in short supply. Treatment requires frequent hospitalizations and then have to wait, suffering emotional trauma, until they reach the top of a long waiting list. For the treatments to do any good, patients must receive the injections before their bones mature.

Last week the Ontario government brought in an amendment to the Coroners' Act that would allow pathologists to remove the pituitary—a small gland the size of a large pea located inside the middle of the forehead—during the course of any autopsy. Chief Coroner H. Beatty Cetinus, who has for years been pushing progress to educate the general public about the need to donate various parts of their bodies to help others,



Graciela Moreno and Dr. John Bailey, waiting to reach the top of the list.

ers figured the legislation would provide about 10,000 glands a year, double the number received through voluntary donations. The glands would not be removed if there were objections from the deceased's family.

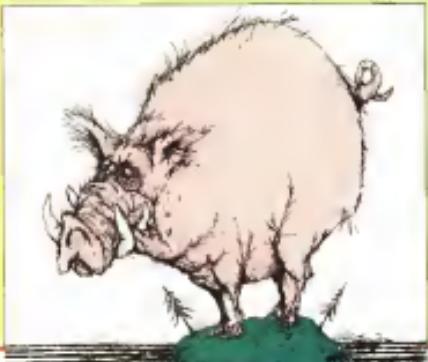
The legislation, introduced by Attorney General Roy McMurtry, came partly in response to a media blitz organized by Freney Radnor, a Toronto woman whose seven-year-old son, Tom, had stopped growing and was an impotent three feet, four inches waiting to catch up to the rest of the kids in his class. "It's not destroying lives by any means there is no psychological or emotional damage yet," said his mother. The two boys are now eight and 11, having grown into 5-foot-tall teenagers. They feel themselves separated by a large gulf from their peers—who are twice their size and experiencing puberty—while they are mistaken for eight-year-olds.

One 14-year-old girl visiting a clinic at Toronto Hospital for Sick Children could barely talk about her condition without getting upset. "People sometimes push me around, they don't respect me as a person because I am so small," said Graciela Moreno who, after coming to Canada from Ecuador three years ago, developed a tumor which left her blind in one eye and cut off her natural supply of growth hormone. She stands just four inches over four feet and would benefit immediately from the injections for which she has been waiting 18 months. "She never talks about it," says her father. "She keeps it inside of her. When I see her crying I tell her, 'There is no need to be ashamed. She thinks it is her fault.' Doctors treating the growth-inhibited children hope the legislation will eliminate the waiting list for pituitary injections.

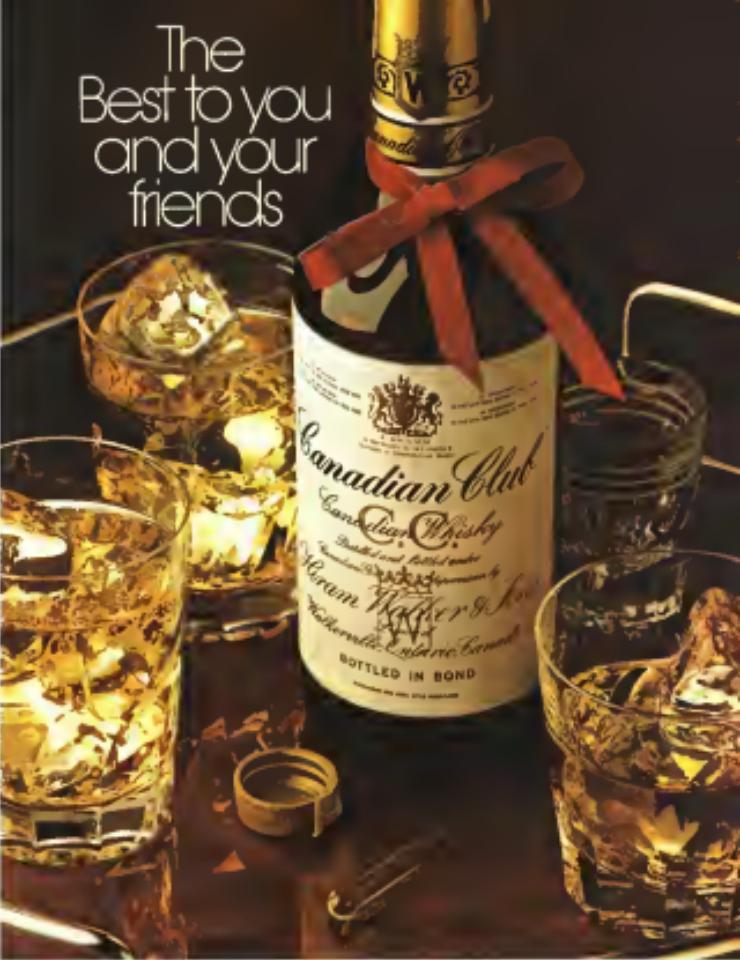
Judith Timan

Stalking the wild pork chop

With "W. Ernest Chester," it's a must for members of the international decoys set to reach for pen and checkbook and fill gift lists from the legend's softcover in a special section of the fortnightly tabloid published by Women's Who's Who of New York for the other and more male consumer. Tapping the year's picayune way down, butchy crossroads \$12 a dozen through 60 saturated earnings \$24,100 (which was the lot in last week's issue). A pristine of wild boar on Morris and Nichols' famous Mayo Stock at \$4,950,000.



The Best to you
and your
friends



From the "Best in The House" in 87 lands.

The writing is on the wall



Challenging His Worst Critics. Soviet media claim liberalization is Prague. The campaign by enlightened Chinese scholars to emulate Japan in 1989 lasted only 180 days, and it remains to be seen whether the two-week-old "Democracy Movement" in Beijing fares any better. But it certainly went off with a bang. Western journalists and diplomats making a routine Saturday check at the Wall of Democracy suddenly found themselves besieged by eager interviewers.

What, then, were asked, is the state of democracy in your country? Can you escape your leaders without being labeled a traitor? What do you think of Chairman Mao? The session were re-created the next day and the next. On re-creation the crowds learned that a United States journalist was due to have an interview with Ting. Would he ask a few questions on their behalf and report back? He would, and later did speak as interviewer.

In return, the foreigners asked some questions of their men. Who would the Chinese vote for if there were an election for premier? A great shout of "Tung." And for chairman? Another shout, this time of "Hsu," and asked if

The old refrain at Dog's Leg and Angel's Wing

As the Chinese infiltrated North Viet Nam, the 10th ID took on the tasking. Peaking in April, left-wing intelligence agents in Washington were expecting an invasion by a tiny new Vietnamese, composed of their own people and neighboring Cambodians. A force of 10,000 troops was massed on Cambodian territory already taken by Vietnam at the end of the war which has been abounding for months. The area concerned is adjacent to the provinces of Phu Nhieu and Binh Phuoc and was the scene of bitter fighting during the Vietnam War.

Reports from Bangkok, the Thai capital and chief Western trading post in Indochina, spoke at the week's end of a steady exodus of Vietnamese forces along the legendary Ho Chi Minh Trail and other routes running the many seascapes north from Vietnam into North Vietnam. Among the areas



Zeng (2001) 10 years after the program seems like a well-referenced

They were not afraid to talk, an even greater share of "Mirroyo pa" (we aren't scared).

Clearly they were not. No foreigner, even a Russian, could walk for long near the Wall of Democracy—which runs beside a bus depot on the Avenue of Elegance. Triumphant—without being on a pedestal—was the expression by someone speaking English and sometimes French or German. All the topics that foreigners loathed to talk about with ordinary Chinese were suddenly extra-fascinating.

as well as with the young reformers
they took as their models. Speakers' Cor-
ner in London's Hyde Park, where
one can stand up and say anything
at all without fear of retribution. They knew
the Park they said, from their
writing and language studies—and the
events discussed by the Wall were
such the same human rights, Western
standards, love and marriage,
life and death. On a more literary
note, one guestspoke wanted to know
whether English speakers also find
languages difficult to understand.
One of two newly formed "Democracy
and Grease" pointed up what it called

No. 8 of a newsletter, urging free press for party officials, reforms in both the Yagodin model for management and employment, and abolition of the grip kept on people's lives by the security police. Identity papers should be simplified, the news media freed, and personal documents issued.

...the biggest surprise, however, was that some young Chinese were in fact foreigners; their names, addresses, with a sealing invitation to "be seen when you have time." He, they explained, emerged from a period of "feudal fission theory" which descended on China in years of Mao's life, when revolution brought chaos, revolution, and unparalleled persecution of individuals.

He was such engaging friendliness, so gay in the scope of the reforms demanded, might not be altogether selfless by Chien's standards, because close behind him came the words: "We have had our own problems in the business," he said, "but we have our own prospects in an overall power structure," quickly adding that line of circulation by that, at 74, he was no oldie. He added describing the Wall itself as "still developing," warned the democratic改良派 (reformers) "democracy installable which could easily China's priority goal being modernization within 30

This means that in many areas the people will not get what they have demanded, for instance, for the

dean expects no more than that the Chinese will do a full-scale military to move the Cambodian government, the Chinese expansionist imperialists. They are believed to be trying convincing some of the minor leaders what would be best for South Vietnam if they were to become the fighting nation itself. What Vietnam would do is to capture sufficient territory in puppet government and gradually increase its guerrilla to increase the numbers. Without a shred of evidence, as claimed, this has been going on for a long time. A propaganda campaign has been carried out to make the people have an anti-American sense or revolutionary sense. In 16 out of Cambodia's 19 provinces, revolutionaries may now be under way. The cities apparently are not so closely. For the evidence is that Cambodian regime is more strongly in touch than ever in the month it has been in disrepute for 31 years. What Western experts say is that in its attempt to shake loose, Cambodia will need West to open up a much wider communication.

Chris Lowther/David Allen

right of an individual to choose his own job, could undermine the present strict control on the movement of labor, especially from the countryside to the cities. And there is bound to be resistance to the suggestion that, since people have recently been given the right to elect leaders at the local level, they should also be entitled to choose who rules at the top, including who should be party chairman.

Yet the leadership must win over the young reformers if it can. For the first time, conditions exist in China for the emergence of dissident groups in the Soviet Union. Hundreds of young men and women have pocketed correspondents' and diplomats' business cards and already some foreigners have been answered telephone calls from Chinese who earlier had come up to them in the street. If the journalists and press workers are prevented from subversive journalists' right to stand up and speak their minds in public and to put their points on any subject without risking investigation, they now have the unprecedented option of going over the heads of their leaders and establishing covert channels of communication with foreigners.

Journalists' and diplomats' telephone numbers have always been kept secret from ordinary Chinese. This is no longer the case and, short of changing all the numbers, there seems no way the leadership or security police can patch the gaping hole in the bamboo curtain.

In fact, however, the Chinese leadership itself has permed the curtain sufficiently over the past year to permit events to be watched much more closely than, say, in the latter years of Chairman Mao. Chinese leaders have been encouraging the photo in pursuit of their two current goals: modernization, which they have made clear will involve substantial trade and cultural contacts with the West (thousands of Chinese students are on their way to universities in Canada, the United States, Britain and elsewhere); and the reworking of what China regards as the expansionist aims of the Soviet Union. In this cause, China this year sent Chairman Hu to exchange friendly greetings with Romania's President Nicolae Ceausescu (see following story) and Yugoslavia's President Tito, has signed a trade and friendship treaty with old foe Japan, and substantially increased its contacts with the United States and the European community, which Hu is expected to visit next year.

So in Canada, the United States and other Western countries, the latest developments were being watched with keen interest. In Ottawa, the reaction was cautious. An External Affairs

spokesman pointed out that signs of openness had been seen before, notably in Mao's "Let a hundred flowers bloom" campaign in the 1950s, but had often had unhappy results as political power balances shifted and one day's orthodoxy became the next's heresy.

In Washington, where the Carter administration is split on how to deal with China, National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski wants to form a close alliance with Peking while Secretary of State Cyrus Vance prefers a more even-handed line between China and the Soviet Union—the reaction would also count. "We could be seeing the start of the most significant historical movement in the final quarter of the century," said one diplomatic source. "But right now it's like we are straining a bit."

These were pointers to Peking that the Chinese leaders recognized that the Western capital wanted no along fears that China was not determined to work quickly and calmly toward modernization. Teng went out of his way to tell Japanese visitors that there would be no changes at the top as a result of the central committee meeting and the size of the demonstrating crowds gradually dwindled.

By the week, and secretly guards were patrolling the places where, only a few days earlier, euphoria had been given free rein. By that time, however, the news of the latest threatened invasion of China's ally Cambodia, by the Soviet Union's protégé Vietnam, was out and there were reports of large Soviet troop movements on the Chinese border. Events other than those in Peking itself, it seemed, might dictate the future course of reforms. In China, as everywhere else in the world, a winter thaw can be all too brief.

David North,
with correspondence from
Beijing

Romania

Another roar from the Balkans

In the Balkans, the mice are running. Earlier this summer, tiny Stalinist Albania abruptly jettisoned its "unbreakable friendship" with China. Last week Romania, which shares a long land border with the Soviet Union, announced it was at Soviet preparation for military exercises and military spending and for higher Kremlin control over the affairs of its Eastern European allies in the Warsaw Pact.

The latest move to divide Eastern Europe appeared to stem from the Soviet Union's obsession with China—and its insistence on strengthening its defenses against what it regards as a new Chinese threat. Romania's President Nicolae Ceausescu, long the joker in the Soviet pack, has consistently differed with the Kremlin's interpretation

Ceausescu's new act of defiance was the more daring since it concerned the highly sensitive issue of defense spending. Not the least of his reasons, in Soviet eyes, was that he revealed what really went on at last week's bizarre summit of Warsaw Pact leaders in Moscow. While the Soviet Union and its allies were publicly calling on the West to cut expenditures on armaments, it now turns out they were privately discussing plans to boost their own defense budgets. (The Soviet leadership says it is necessary to preserve and even strengthen its defenses in order to keep up with NATO.)

Western diplomats in Bucharest,

translators on pause in Bucharest:
no longer just a joker in the Soviet pack



Jontue
Sensual...
but not too far from innocence.



The Beautiful Fragrance by Revlon

Romanian capital, believe that relations between Romania and its Warsaw Pact allies have now reached their lowest point for years. There were no general telegrams at the 40th anniversary celebrations of Romanian unity at the week's end when Ceausescu repeated his aggressive statement of dependence. But what puzzles many observers is why Ceausescu has chosen to make his stand at the present time—and why so decisively.

The obvious answer is that he thinks his gamble will succeed. An extremely shifty politician with long experience in dealing with the Soviet Union, he has evidently judged that, by acting bold and clearly risking, President Leonid Brezhnev has enough pretensions of his own, not the least of which was the threatened renewal of the proxy war in Southeast Asia (see page 23) between Vietnam, backed by the Soviet Union, and Cambodia, by China. Romania has close links with China and it seems Ceausescu's outcome was reached mainly to take some of the pressure off his ally.

Moreover, this latest show of defiance fits into what has become an established Romanian tradition. Over the past two decades, the country of 22 million people has transformed itself from the most obedient into the most militantly nationalistic of Soviet satellite states. Romania is the only Eastern European country to maintain diplomatic ties with Israel. Alone among Warsaw Pact leaders, Ceausescu has persisted in criticizing the Soviet-led invasion of Czechoslovakia and has insisted on the right of each Communist party to manage its own affairs.

The reason for Soviet alienation of Ceausescu may be Romania's extremely orthodox and repressive democratic Communist policies—and these could be another reason for last week's goings-on. In the past year Ceausescu has come under considerable pressure at home, ranging from a strike by 25,000 miners angry at low living standards to discontent among Romania's large cohorts of ethnic Hungarians who ally forced assimilation and widespread discrimination. Economic difficulties and the defection in the United States of his secretary general, Gheorghe Gheorghiu-Dej, have led to a wide-ranging purge.

It is significant that the main explanation Ceausescu has given for refusing to increase Romania's military expenditure (it now runs at around \$2 billion a year) is that the money would be better spent on improving living standards—clearly a popular theme. So far, anyone wishing to challenge Ceausescu's personal position is now likely to think twice about tackling a leader so identified with the cause of Romanian independence.

Michael Balfour

Britain

Hell hath no fury . . .

It was dubbed "The Case of the Century" and the price paid for the principals' elusive women—\$100,000 by the London Sunday Telegraph for one, \$4,000 by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation for another, according to trade gossip—was足以 justify the label. But for senior British liberal party leader Jeremy Thorpe there came fast to face with his alleged homosexual lover in a London sweater shop last week, everyone seemed to have got their money's worth.

Local pronunciement evidence of seduction by Thorpe and of a Thorpe-inspired plot to kill the man who had become "a black dog" over his political career poured out in front of the three would-nearly-magistrate who will decide, probably this week, whether Thorpe and his three confederates go to a higher court on a charge of conspiracy to murder former model Norman Scott. Along with Thorpe (Liberal Leader from 1967 to 1970) were David Haines, his Oxford University friend and former Liberal deputy treasurer; and two South Wales businessmen, carpet dealer John le Miree and shirt-manufacturer George Dinkin.

It was Dinkin's surprise request to

Thorpe (right), Scott (bottom left) and Haines no doubt what the court decides, gave reputation in tatters.



wave the estuary reporting has set such proceedings that, for the past two weeks, has provided the British public with an unprecedented daily diet of Oscar Wilde tragedy and Marie-style plotting in country houses, post London hotel and over the House of Commons.

As the soft-spoken Scott, 38, took the witness stand, neither he nor Thorpe looked directly at each other. Thorpe, dapper and apparently unassumingly ever, toped with his gold-rimmed half-glasses while Scott told how Thorpe had seduced him in 1967, when both were bachelors, in Thorpe's mother's house in Surrey.

Thorpe came to his woes, Scott claimed, bringing a copy of James Baldwin's "Go Tell It on the Mountain" to him in a London pub when the man's love for another man "flared." Then, he told the court, Thorpe maintained with his hands and in small bites, got up to fetch "a towel and a robe of steel," returned to bed, put the towel under Scott and they had intercourse. Asked who was the active partner, Scott replied: "I was just lying the pillow. I could not shoot because I did not want to fracture Mrs. Thorpe." Two hours



later, Thorpe came back for more, Scott claimed, and returned again in the evening. "I thought that he was going to do it again. I was very frightened. He did not intend it, but asked how I wanted my eggs done."

Scott told the court of more sexual incidents, including one in a Devon Hotel bathroom and another in Thorpe's office, of Thorpe's setting a room for him near the Commons, of silk pyjamas bought at Goodwin Bond Street, and of Thorpe's sudden visit away from Commons business. Scott said he was aware of the "scratches and bruises" because he only wanted friendship and affection. On one occasion he admitted to exposing himself publicly if he did not leave his wife alone. By then, just laughing, Scott claimed, and replied: "You cannot hurt me—one of my greatest friends is the director of public prosecutions." It was the DPP, however, who instigated preliminary hearings last August after more than two years of cover and avoidance had led to a mounting police investigation.

Details of the alleged murder plot, in which an unemployed former service pilot, Andrew Neeson, is said to have been hired by £20,000 at Thorpe's behest to kill Scott, were given earlier in the oak-paneled courtroom. Neeson spoke of luring Scott to a London hotel and waiting with a foot-long chain hidden in a bouquet of flowers "to bend over his head." But Scott never turned up. Finally he managed to get Scott to a lonely spot at Exmoor where, he said, he deliberately brought the murder, shooting Scott's Great Dane instead. Neeson also told of a bizarre conversation with Thorpe at the Commons, when they discussed getting rid of Scott's body. "Men run on weighing it and dropping it into a deep river, fermenting it like a midway under construction or dropping it down a Cernach or mine." Both Neeson and Peter Bennett, a former Liberal MP who escaped to Britain from California to give evidence for the prosecution, were given grants unconnected from criminal charges in the case.

Scott retorted angrily at a suggestion from Thorpe's solicitor, Sir David Nayley, that he was bringing his allegations because "Hell looks as fury like a woman scared" as "a real woman" he snapped, raising his voice for the first time: "I am not here on trial. I am here because that man has tried to destroy me over a period of years and I will not be destroyed."

He scarcely needed to make the point. Far as Thorpe ever was the destroyer, the roles have been reversed. Even in the event of an acquittal, his once glittering reputation as a political leader, wit, witicism and pillar of the community will be sunk as deep as a shaft in a Cornish mine.

Carol Kennedy

United Nations

Where lip service may be better than none

It doesn't do it, bees don't do it, but these days everyone else—from Indians to Chinese are demanding that human rights, long honored by many governments, come to the fore. And, in the observance, become a determining element in domestic and foreign policy. Use of Peking's most recent war against an audacious protest, "We cannot tolerate that human rights and democracy are only slogans of the Western bourgeoisie and that the Eastern proletariat only needs dictatorship."

With exquisite timing, the Chinese launched their unexpected campaign as the world prepared to celebrate the 30th

Human rights: Jewish demonstrators in Ottawa demand Michael Jackson's release, and Eleanor Roosevelt at the UN in 1951.



anniversary of the United Nations' Universal Declaration of Human Rights, originally adopted on Dec. 10, 1948. The document reflects the optimism of its drafters, chief among whom was Eleanor Roosevelt, that the horrors of the Second World War would stimulate widespread vigilance for basic human freedoms. But the human rights issue has been a slow burner. It took another 29 years to draft binding covenants to accompany the Universal Declaration's

vague statements of principle and, even today, although many nations, Canada included, have ratified the covenants, others—including the United States, have not.

Despite that reticence, however, the U.S. is heavily responsible for the current preoccupation with human rights. President Jimmy Carter's outspoken support has been the chief impetus. Secondly less important has been the enthusiasm of his close friend, United

Nations Ambassador Andrew Young (though Young drew a presidential rebuke with his statement last July that there were "hundreds, perhaps, thousands" of political prisoners in United States jails).

Not everyone, however, is an unabashed fan of the notion of making human rights a basic U.S. policy decision. Henry Kissinger, the ultimate 20th-century practitioner of Realpolitik, has made his own part of his disavowal. Other political leaders, such as Canada's Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, while endorsing the principle, have warned that American advocacy will only make repressive regimes harder to sustain.

"In terms of the Soviet Union, the human rights campaign is ridiculous. All we do is get their backs up," argues George Ball, a former U.S. ambassador to the UN who, as undersecretary of state, was one of the most consistent critics of the Vietnam war. "They obviously not in favor of terrorism, left to be the world's nanny bothers me." Ball and other critics feel the current campaign amounts to selective discrimination in light of continued American support for Iran, Nicaragua, South Korea, and the Philippines.

The State Department, predictably, pretends itself pleased with progress. "We've regained the moral prestige we lost during [Johnson's] time," says Charles B. Salomon Jr., director of the Office of Human Rights. But advocates are worried that their cause has begun to move out of the footholds and into the wings. Brazil and Uruguay have rejected U.S. aid rather than submit to its straws, and Congress recently restored Augustina's amnesty in credit, which was suspended over allegations of serious human rights violations.

For most professionals in the field, however, the 20th anniversary of the Universal Declaration gives at least guarded cause for celebration. For one thing, nonprofits are on the increase. Supporters take this as a measure of growing knowledge of the problem rather than a depressing index of international callousness.

Certainly, nations with longstanding respect for individual liberties have decided to pay attention to the issue. Canada, for example, passed a comprehensive Human Rights Act in 1977, and more countries are making at least cosmetic changes to avoid international opprobrium.

Another sign of the times is aid to the United Nations. A passing reference by five or six countries was considered a victory, but this year, says Theodore van Boeijen, director of the UN human rights division, "nearly every Foreign minister mentioned human rights." Lip

service that may be, but advocates are quick to point out that lip service is better than no service at all.

"What is being emphasized now is the first step in a long process," says Roger Baldwin, a founder of the highly respected American Civil Liberties Union and the International League for the

Human Rights, and a man who, at 94, can take the long view. "It has taken a whole generation just to get the idea installed. Now we can go on to step two." That, however, is likely to be a difficult one: moving from consciousness-raising to effective action.

Rita Christopher



West Germany

Steelmen forge a chain reaction

Heads of government and management leaders in European capitals were casting anxious glances last week toward the direction of Germany's Ruhr district, where that the outcome of a strike begun by 21,000 steelworkers at eight major plants and followed by a backlog of 30,000 more men in the week could have repercussions for their own weakened economies. It is significant that the strike—the first in the industry for 50 years—is over hours, not pay, for if the steelworkers were the 35-hour week they are demanding, they could trigger a reaction that will not stop until it has reached Italy, the British Isles, Holland, and France. What is good for Europe, however, would be moderately good for North America. The added costs would make West German steel less competitive in the U.S. market, according to J. Peter Gordon, chairman and chief executive officer of Stelco, though they would have little effect in Canada.

Already the best paid steelworkers in Europe, averaging \$5.75 hourly, the

men fight, and a man who, at 94, can take the long view. "It has taken a whole generation just to get the idea installed. Now we can go on to step two." That, however, is likely to be a difficult one: moving from consciousness-raising to effective action.

Rita Christopher

—We are initiating three-step-by-step," Herbert Thierens, general secretary of the European Metalworkers Union, said last week. "The first to go through were Scandinavian shift-workers, who are now doing a 36- to 38-hour week. Then Belgian steelworkers got a 38-hour week, starting last month, with a reduction to 36 hours starting next summer." Italian metalworkers will ask for a 38-hour week with 36 hours for shift-workers, an organization beginning later in December.

Thereafter comes it is not just a question of reducing the margin of profit; it is part of the process of improving working conditions," he said. And this at the cost of fears of European industrial leaders, for if the West German steelworkers open the door, a stampede could rush through. Philip Grevard

The U.S.

Crashing through the party lines

The art of social climbing has, at last, officially found acceptance in academia. In Washington, D.C., the Open University is offering a course on how to make "connections." It includes lectures on gate-crashing, enthusiasm, parties, name-dropping, and how to get mentioned in a colleague's column. "There are as much lot of people with titles given away against the window, you know, always on the outside looking in on the editor's serial file," explains 36-year-old Dennis Weissman, the course instructor.

So far about 400 students have paid \$9 each for the 2½-hour lesson which is held in an overheated, second-story, fluorescent-walled lecture room in a former and a dry cleaner's shop near the city hall. "To make it in this town you need contacts—contacts. No social climber has made it without that quality," Weissman tells his students who, at a recent session, perched a grey-haired academic assistant from the University of California to be invited to the White House, and another who dreams of attending a Washington Post party.

Care crashing at the embassies, however, is the most popular fad. Weissman advises students to avoid shoving aside representatives of countries with political trouble at home as with a reputation for extravagance—there are likely to be armed guards. But "overall," peaceful nations, she says, may even be glad to have the odd neighbor at their parties. You don't go into, however, after they have stopped checking in

GOOD TASTE IS WHY YOU GIVE THEM.



The U.S.

One date the CIA must not miss

It may already be too late, but in an effort to make up for months of lost time and incorrect reports, the CIA is making contacts with the Shah's opponents in Iran. The agency is scrapping to sharpen its political nerves because President Jimmy Carter has complained that it is not getting the information he needs. It's not cloak-and-dagger activity that makes him angry; it's the lack of nuts-and-bolts foreign policy intelligence, the basis for policy making.

The row between the president and his old friend, CIA Director Adm. Stansfield Turner, focuses on a CIA memo, exposed as late as August, that "Iran is not in a revolutionary or even pre-revolutionary situation." As a result of that inaccurate analysis, Carter wrote a strong note to Turner, Secretary of State Cyrus Vance and National Security Affairs Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski declaring himself "not satisfied" with intelligence in the area. And although the White House was trying last week to downplay the incident, the question now raised in Washington is whether the Iran blunder is an isolated case or a frightening example of general inefficiency.

While White House spokesman Tony Powell insisted that Carter's note was not a "cheating out," there has been growing criticism of Turner. Early last

CIA Director Turner: The Iran debacle has made the hot-seat even hotter

vitalities, or while past the front door saying you have an important message for Senator So-and-So, or you can back into the front door so that, when you turn around, you'll look as though you had been there all along. What to wear? Designer dresses for women, three-piece suits for men.

Students are advised not to dwell overingly or too glibly on the merits of cheating—ambassadors are “paying for the food and drinks anyway”—and also to let their friends know about their exploits, though they should not resort to boasting. “We talk about the art of negative name-dropping,” says Weissman. “That means sort of putting yourself down a little bit in the process, so that people don’t think you’re really putting it. The example I give is ‘Well, I was never asked to the John Deere to dinner and I dropped the name.’”

Weissman has her own favorite story of social masking. It’s about a friend who crashed a United Nations dinner dance and told his neighbors he was invited at the Canadian embassy. Unfortunately, she says, the other guests began to question him and in the end being found out he and his date had to dance all the time. It was worth it, however, because the risk “brightened the thrill.” It also, no doubt, gave their friends (though not the paparazzi) something to gossip about.

William Lowther

month as official in the intelligence community told *The New York Times* that Turner was discounting intelligence estimates to make them dovetail with administration foreign policy. In addition, the CIA is charged with fulfilling its duty to protect the White House on the significance of Mecca's recent energy discoveries, and stepping up its analyses of the explosive politics of southern Africa. Its interpretation of the recent changes in China (see page 38) is also known to be under suspicion at the state department.

In many quarters it is now felt that the admiral, whose sharp style and sharp temper make him unpopular within the CIA, lacks the flair that can stimulate intelligence reports. But he may get one early opportunity to redeem himself. During December, Iran's Moslem will be marking the mourning period of Muharram, which reaches a climax Dec. 14. The government, still operating differently, has banned processions, but that does seem likely to encourage rather than dampen protest. The question is how well the CIA will predict what happens. —Catherine Fox



New Zealand

Kiwi voters hit back at Muldoon

Three years ago, when New Zealanders overwhelmingly elected Robert Muldoon prime minister, his campaign slogan was “New Zealand the way you want it.” But, as one TV comic put it, Muldoon’s rule quickly took the look of “New Zealand the way I want it,” and as the final voting figures continued to trickle in last week it became clear that Kiwis were largely disenchanted with their leader. Indeed, opposition Labor party leader Bill Rowling refused to admit defeat until the last official bulletins were counted, for he has given himself strict last-minute orders from the masses of New Zealanders who have been leaving the country recently. But he appeared to win in vain, although by week’s end Muldoon’s majority in the 99-seat parliament will be reduced from 38 to 26.

The economic, some 30,000 this year, have largely been driven out by Muldoon’s draconian economic tactics, in what has proved only a moderately successful battle against inflation (still around 11 per cent). Based on a ticket of economic austerity, the National Party free-wheeled, cut welfare doles and slashed subsidies, but unemployment increased from almost zero to four per cent. The crippling bundles of duties and taxes—measures for the middle-income welfare system—has not been lightened. Income taxes kick in at 37 per cent from a \$30,000 salary.

Economies, however, are not the sole cause of disenchantment with Muldoon—whose abrupt, turbulent political style has earned him such epithets as “our local jackboot Mussolini.” In his time as a leading political figure he has often been accused by parliament and has offered no real reason for his decision to resign from the cabinet. He also took on the unenviable role of the authority element and the extrovert一面 of a need to represent it. For this, he will get it where the chicken got the “oo” and would punches with his colleagues.

It seems contradictory that so belligerent a character would choose collecting butterflies as a hobby, but not so strange that he could alternate so many technicians, tradesmen, and professionals, who are mostly under the age of 25. For them, New Zealand is not “the way you want it,” and their loss may prove to be a high price to pay for renewal of the National Party’s mandate.

Michael Clegg-ten

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Ann-Margret: Loring the loss in Manhattan

The Backettes, New York Radio City's Mane-Blond's leggy art deco dance troupe, have been strutting their stuff with the most infectious of Ann-Margret's into the limelight. The girls have never looked so good. Ann-Margret, who got her first glimpse of the Backettes when she was six—just two days off the boat from her native Sweden—never forgot the night. Which was why she decided to relieve her childhood fantasy and become a Backette on her upcoming TV special to be aired Dec. 14 (Also featured in the show is actor Gregory Peck, a former Radio City tour guide himself.) After her four-day stint with the Backettes, the girls gave Ann-Margret a Gold Disc, the traditional

gift for a departing dancer, and this present: "They told me I'd always have a job," said Ann-Margret.

Before the Grey Cup kickoff, Valerie Harper, aka Rhoda, rose in the stands at Toronto's Exhibition Stadium and, with a slight Bronx twang, belted out the words to O Canada. It might have been a mere theatrical touch, but the Canadianization of Valerie should come as a surprise to no one. After all, her mother was born in Saskatchewan. Her father, although an American, played

Harper an import for Canadian distribution

hockey for Oakland and met his wife in Calgary where he was there for a game. The Canadian connection will continue for Harper (who still has relatives in British Columbia and Ontario) when she stars in a upcoming Canadian production called *Snow White*, a movie about Santa Lucia and Scotland. Ironically, the title of the film is exactly what Harper, 31, is these days. Following her recent divorce and CEO's cancellation of *Rhoda*, Harper happily admits, "I'm free."

For Prince Edward Islander New Democratic Party leader Adrienne Ryan, life at the political top is, quite literally, a walk of shame. At the NDP's recent leadership convention in Charlottetown, Ryan received a wave so have him coated by breaking into a blushing-eyed monologue during his loss for wife, family and party. Upset at seeing a grown man weep, the party faithful declared the meeting unconstitutional. Although Ryan gained a reprieve until January (when the next leadership meeting will be held) one party wag had this to say: "It's hard to know whether he was crying to save his job or because the NDP has never held a seat in the legislature."

Father confessor and black pacifist Rick Gregory, who has elevated confession-raising fluids to a performative art, is at it again. This time Gregory has sworn off solids to dramatize the "many hidden facts" in the mass suicide of the Peoples Temple cult in Guyana. Chilling the American Central Intelligence Agency was behind the tragedy, Gregory alleges that cult members

weren't poisoned by cyanide-laced Kool-Aid but were "gassed by the CIA." He bases this on two charges: "You can't make dogs drink Kool-Aid," asserts Gregory. "And as a father of 10 children myself, my human feelings tell me no mother could poison her children and not be shocked back into reality by the sight."

With a gleam in his eye and a little spit and polish on his hosts, Canadian nationalist author, Avery Mowat, showed up recently during a Canadian Armed Forces exercise in Cape Breton. After telling Colonel Kent Foster, commanding officer of the Canadian Airborne Regiment, that he was planning to write a story on the military, Mowat invited the colonel into his car. Patsy, Mowat's dog, was delighted, no doubt, to see a wild squirrel in Foster's next book. As soon as Foster got in Patsy, Mowat pulled over. "I had a loss and the next day [of blowouts later], the co. has been shot." With blinks, of course. Got it? It was a joke. An example of air force humor, aided by members of the Royal Canadian Regiment from Gagetown, New Brunswick, who acted as the enemy in the exercise. Well, maybe you had to be there.

His 15 years now, Harvey Kirk and the crew have been putting together for a little late-night news, making Kirk, CTV's anchorman, the longest running face in the history of North American television news. CTV's stalwart, Walter Krolikoff, has actually lagged more airtime, but it hasn't been

Kirk with a rambunctious on-tape stories



metamorphosis! Ever on the lookout for a good story, Kirk has been clearly following the saga of CTV's beloved *Monte Carlo*. When Monte Carlo, Kirk and his sidekick Lloyd Robertson (as the *Monte's* anchorman Michael) made more than just *Monte's* debut, "Of course we're at the same time," explained Kirk. "But Lloyd and I freed out of the studio last in time to see the tail end of *Monte's* first show, his first sign-off and his first apology."

Having given a commanding performance before Monique's fitness fanatic and Princess Diana on the occasion of his noblemen's 50th birthday party, guest dancer Karen Hale and Frank

Kirk and Harvey all dressed up with . . .

Academy (The National Ballet), Linda Bassett (77th Thoroughbred); and Peter Saliotis, who were recently honored. Kirk and his sidekick Lloyd Robertson (as the *Monte's* anchorman Michael) made more than just *Monte's* debut, "Of course we're at the same time," explained Kirk. "But Lloyd and I freed out of the studio last in time to see the tail end of *Monte's* first show, his first sign-off and his first apology." *Monte* was disappointed, but the audience was the causeur. "Not amazement,"

Edited by Jane O'Boyle



Business

Isle of the newly blest

No one needled it until an Arab company bought the Shakers of refinery, and there were still distillers when Abitibi got \$45 million last month for a defunct Newfoundland iron-ore mill. But with each day's news, a message is becoming increasingly clear: Despite a dismal unemployment picture, Newfoundland is making the quantum leap from being Canada's most depressed region to an investment hot spot. More than \$1 billion has flowed

this way into Newfoundland so far this year and, with that much more expected again in 1988, the province is becoming one of the most productive in Canada.

The key to the rock's new prosperity is its resources, on which much capital

is drawn: more than \$60 million to build a seaport at Harbour Grace and create 16,000 jobs in the fishing industry; \$25 million for agriculture; \$38 million for mining as British, German and Australian interests fall over one another in their haste to stake claims for uranium, gold and copper, as well as some \$50 million for hydroelectric power and nearly as much again from general private enterprise, most notably Simpson Stearns Ltd. and P.W. Woodworth Co. The dollar's weakness, lower costs of Newfoundland production and increased worldwide demand for newspaper have made this a bumper year for the province's pulp and paper industry as well. Abitibi Paper Co. will spend another \$60 million converting its new lumber factory into the province's third newspaper mill.

But of all three gifts, Newfoundland's oil and its hydrocarbons are the greatest. No drilling has taken place for a year, but \$50 million has been invested in the oil industry. Eastern Exploration Ltd., a consortium of oil money controlled by France's Compagnie Francaise des Petroles SA, has been the major force behind offshore exploration, accounting for three of the four remaining natural gas finds in the Beaufort Basin and at least four other companies, including Imperial Oil (which spent \$15 million in Newfoundland and in the last two years at least seven rigs are expected to be operating) and the now defunct President Jack Armstrong, who recently visited the province, says the company's spending "will be stepped up

per cent next year" and now will stand and should be better. He adds: "Without oil, there would be no Newfoundland."

With his lofty expectations for his fleet at the 1976 and three Hawker Siddeley Avocets, an up-to-date programme to run aerial lights from Halifax to Montreal, he will likely seek approval for dozen more. St. John's rules: "We have about a 50



EPA's Harry Steele: wings up

Will that be coffee, tea or screech?

Barry Steele, the joke goes, owned only half of Gander when the 49-year-old former commanding officer of its Canadian Forces station and his partners last fall invested \$5 million two weeks ago for Eastern Provincial Airlines' 10% of the Newfoundland-based regional carrier. That held even part of Andrew Christie's empire for 29 years. Steele's low bid for the airline, of which he becomes president, was accepted by Christie because he was the only Newfoundland interested. Christie was proud of his homegrown airline, and wanted it to stay that way.

Steele has lofty aspirations for his fleet of six 737s and three Hawker Siddeley Avocets, an up-to-date programme to run aerial lights from Halifax to Montreal, he will likely seek approval for dozen more. St. John's rules: "We have about a 50

Robert Plaskin

Exploratory drilling off Newfoundland coastal strip-gipping ground

significantly when we start drilling two wells next year, \$800,000 will be generated annually for education, training, research and development within Newfoundland."

As for the power, a recent federal-provincial agreement to create the Lower Churchill Development Corporation—giving Newfoundland full recall rights to all the power generated at the complex...has resulted in a number of major proposals in the wings, including a German proposal for a steel mill in Labrador.

But the most profound change within Newfoundland is perhaps the quietest one. For one, there is an absence of bluster. Gone is the foreign investment buildup of the Joey Smallwood years and the boom-or-bust investment of John Shawson and John C. Doyle, whose recent agreement to pay \$6 million in back taxes by no means puts an end to the hundreds of fraud and waste-trading charges he faces. The spin-off effects seem to have gone into hiding to be replaced by the likes of Armstrong, Andrew Crooker and Frank Ashton Corp.'s Roger Tupper. The Provincial Investment Review Agency has handled more than 100 projects within the last eight years, but only 20 have been 50% or more sold off. As Premier Frank Moore says, "Newfoundland is talking like a 'have' province. Because it is only a matter of a few years before we will be one."

Robert Plaskin

Playing hard to get

In re-bubble Toyland? Blah. Blah, the Reebok Waddler, Microtronics Marauder, and Remington Galactica Drive Yester Year Cray. And, of course, another off-the-wall Barbies. Playmates of yesteryear are facing a long, lonely future.

Welcome to December, the season of gift giving and joy when Canadians shell out the last few pieces of the \$255 million they will spend this year on toys and decorations—a bananza that makes up 60 to 70 per cent of retailers' annual sales. "It is not a brilliant year for toys," says Sam Gars, secretary-treasurer and one-half of the Romanian toy-making team that runs Gars Brothers Toys Ltd., the country's seventh largest toy company (annual sales \$12 million). "Nineteen-seventy-six was brilliant but you can live with 1978." Sales are up 15 to 20 per cent in a traditionally high-margin business, translating factory sales of \$175 million into retail sales of



Escapades in Toyland: a time to give and a time to play

\$175 million. Dolls and anything even remotely whimsical are this year's must-haves. Only the 1980 Sales of Colour (Ontario) Ltd.'s pin-up girls are down 60 per cent from the \$10-million peak reached in 1977. In this place have appeared the toy wonders of 1979: small hand-held electronic games that do everything from play football to talk.

Yet for all its shiny newest, the Canadian toy industry suffers a number of old complaints. The industry means 1,800 manufacturing jobs, but only three companies of the largest 16 are Canadian. Reliable Toy Co. Ltd., Irwin Toy Ltd., and Gars, which can thank an exclusive American Sesame Street franchise for a healthy portion of its earnings. "Very little toy design is done in this country," agrees Reliance President Laure Gosselin. Now there's a new legal edict bound to make talks about the industry's difficulties with cheap imports easier.

But it is television advertising that really concerns the toy industry. It will spend more than \$17 million on TV advertising this year, a further \$2 million a spent reaching mothers in women's consumer magazines. With Quebec Consumer Affairs Minister Luc Parenteau pushing legislation to ban all advertising directed at children in a previous bill that accepts for 30 to 35 per cent of national toy sales, all that may change. Stick companies like Parker Brothers will no longer devote 40 per cent of their Quebec air time to swaying the expensive minds of kids.

Even point-of-purchase displays will

be banned. "What that will mean," says Stewart Robertson, marketing manager of Parker Bros., "is that you won't be able to take a child under 12 into a toy department." That won't be fun for toy

Feel the edge, guide the way

Echange-control fever has Wall Street in shambles these days as the impression circulates that U.S. President Jimmy Carter is considering foreign exchange controls as a means of bolstering the flagging U.S. dollar. Speculators on both sides of the border have reacted with their usual disdain: too politically sensitive, they feel, and impossible to administer. Indeed, as expected, U.S. firms in Scotland-based Prudential Corp., director of research for U.S. stockbrokers Lynch, Habermann, Dillon & Company Inc., presented exchange-control bills 60 days ago to predict the U.S. economy's failure to meet Ontario Hydro's Kelly, will addressing an audience after a luncheon of International Trade at Toronto's crusty La Scala restaurant when he dropped a napkin ring of his own. "The United States should increase its incentives to institute mandatory controls of capital outflows in all firms, and to enhance foreign access to its long-term markets."

Demeter agrees firmly in the mind of all present. The U.S. money market is a supply of investment dollars. Canada simply cannot do without our governments and corporations borrowed \$59 billion in new issues since 1973, and



Francis Kelly, MND, looking down at the document

are already down on their knees for \$4.4 billion more on the first half of this year.

Kelly assured his rattled guests—Petrushin, Massé-Perronais, Brassard and Moisan's among them—that Canada would be exempted from any such controls, just as it had been exempted from similar restrictions in the early 1960s. But several observers feel it would make little sense to impose foreign-exchange controls and then exempt your largest borrower. Nor does Kelly mention Canadian exemptions in a major study released in New York several weeks ago in which he called not only for credit controls but for measures that would prohibit central US banks from redepositing their reserves in the Eurodollar market.

"The solution I have proposed is inevitable," Kelly was sure of his vantage amid New York's skyscrapers. "If we don't have them in 1980, we'll have them... and a financial crisis—in 1980."

Ian Brown

Mother Russia's four-wheel threat

It may never make it onto a glossy marketing brochure, but there is a legend circulating about the Lada 1300S—the Soviet-built, subcompact car which recently made its North American debut in Southern Ontario. It concerns the night Motherwell Jack Bentophil, driving his new Lada from Toronto to Quebec, struck a moose on the Macmillan-Carriole Freeway. "Any other sort of car that size would have been demolished," says one Lada salesman triumphantly. "But the Lada came away with a dented fender."

Bentophil, an English teacher who became impressed with the Lada—indeed after the Fiat 124—during a sum-

mer visit to the impact. It's incredibly solid."

It was take the average Soviet citizen four years of hard labor to afford a Lada but at a list price of \$3,265 (\$1,000 less than a Honda Civic) the average North American would be out only about four months' pay for a car with a four-cylinder engine and an upholstered interior which seats five.

Because of the price—and the fact that the cars (manufactured for the last seven years in the Soviet Union) are designed to stand up to harsh winter conditions—Peter Beagan, president of Lada Cars of Canada Inc., figures they would sell in Canada. He was right. The company signed the largest contract (\$100 million over five years for parts

Lada sales centre in Toronto) ever to be concluded in Canada by a car dealer.



our visit to the U.S.R., was a little surprised his audience had become part of a word-of-mouth campaign to sell the car. "Look, it may not actually have been a moose, maybe a deer I couldn't find in the dark. But in any event the

and animal for manufactured consumer products ever entered into by the U.S.R. and North America, imported 3,000 cars for 1979, and says all of these have been sold or ordered. Next year they hope to bring in 1,500. "People are walking in here, taking one look and dropping down a deposit," says salesman Jack Brian of Bay and Lada in Toronto.

That dealership is owned by businessman George Melchers, proprietor of the food he sees the Windsor Arms hotel and two other Toronto restaurants (not to mention his holdings in chain Astor Marquis, Bob Evans and more). It is extraordinary that Melchers should be associating his stylish concern with something as utilitarian and despicable as the boxy Lada—perhaps he needs a change. After all, as Melchers himself once said, "It's as difficult to have a good driving experience as it is to drink an interesting Margarita."

Barth Tolson

A little bit of Abitibi

W e held in hand it to them for their style, if not for their appeal. In three days of secret trading in the Toronto Stock Exchange last week, Power Consolidated Balfour Inc., of Montreal bought 9.4 per cent (1,750,000 shares) of Abitibi Paper Co. Ltd. for \$31.5 million. Surplus to its 6.8 per cent stake, Power Corp. Chairman Paul Desormeaux and other Abitibi buyers—among them contributions magnate Max Tremblay—purchased a day earlier for control of Abitibi?

Ian Brown

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Sports

Mob violence stalks British football



As many Saturday afternoons in Birmingham, barely weeks into the soccer season, and London's Chelsea club notorious for its rowdy supporters, is playing an away match in the Midlands' city. No particular trouble is expected, since the Football League has ruled that Chelsea's away games be strictly ticket-only affairs, with local police forewarned. But violence erupts, and with tragic results. Vernon Brown, a 26-year-old black factory stockholder, is crushed to death under the wheels of a double-decker bus in a scuffle on the way to the match.

Breakers hooligan inside the field after a match. Hundreds not one of the thousands.



It was a better start to the 1978 season, which, perhaps, as usual, will be scarred by the violence endemic to British football. Actual deaths are rare, but each season regularly brings its crop of broken bones and gashes caused out by rows of gates of fans.

The typical scenes hooliganism is getting younger, perhaps as a result of parental influences from the tradition of taking the kids to the Saturday match. April 14 to 18, he is invariably poorly educated, with no job skills and meager prospects. The tribal loyalties and contempt of the weekly battles with rival clubs often form the only high spots in an otherwise dreary existence in the concrete wastelands of east-end London, Manchester or Glasgow.

At Millwall in October, "hoolie" incidents were circled in the club's hard core known as "F Troop." This was part of a revenge campaign for the death two years ago of Ian Pratt, an 18-year-old Millwall supporter, who died under a train during a scuffle at a station. Rival West Ham supporters fuelled the fire by chanting "West Ham boys, we've got them, we show Millwall under train," and not surprisingly, violence flared after West Ham beat Millwall 3-1. The same weekend saw a spate of arrests elsewhere, and several operators suffered head injuries when male Leeds United supporters buried missiles after their team was beaten by the Bolton Wanderers.

Chelsea, Millwall and Leeds have rough reputations, but Britain's most feared club is probably Glasgow Rangers—Scotland's second city being notorious for its Ulster-style anti-gardai, as well as local rowdiness between East End Celtic and Queen's Park Ranger United fans, known as "The Red Army" from the club's colours, have caused havoc in matches abroad. Last July, 25 British and West German fans were injured, some by leading, when fighting broke out at a so-called "friendly" match between Manchester United and Cologne. Police said about 40 of the 500 visiting British fans arrived armed with knives and bicycle chains.

Some clubs, including first-division Nottingham Forest, have freed off their terraced standing-room areas, effectively easing in potential troublemakers. Forest manager Brian Clough is even cracking down on excessive swearing at matches, and has ordered the names of known hooligans to be published in the match programs.

Hooligan service areas have learned hundreds of football fans, but this sometimes backfires on neighboring villages when the bus turns off the highway in search of alcohol. Males are also shot in many areas to ban the sale of alcohol around club grounds.

The majority of the 65-odd games played each Sunday across Britain pass peacefully enough, but there is an underlying feeling that the violence, if not specifically targeting eastern Wagstaffes, are becoming more ingrained. Dresden supporters at Lancashire's Bentley Club recently ripped up steel railings and used them as javelins. There are repeated instances of迭arts being hurled at readers across the terrace, causing severe facial injuries.

The opposition Conservative party has promised a legal crackdown so soon

as its legislative program begins in the next election, and it could prove a water-breaker. A recent postal poll carried out for a popular BBC radio program, an example of 2,000 people aged 25 to 35, showed a strong swing to hard-line attitudes. Ninety per cent favored tougher penalties for mauls and hooligans, a surprising 76 per cent wanted a return of hanging for all murderers if the sooner sought are to be stopped. It may well be by their peers.

Carol Kennedy

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Leopold already has it, that it cost anywhere between \$25 million and \$30 million to make. No such amount of pre-publicity has accompanied any movie since *David O. Selznick's* *Rebel Without a Cause* or *Red Skelton's* *It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World*. Not since *Napoleon Dynamite* had there been such uncertainty about the project's fate. The actual shooting was as secretive as a papal election—or the *Godfather's* study. Talk was cheap, rumor rampant, publicity prevaricated. Four-and-a-half years later, when it maps 300 screens on Dec. 13, Warner Brothers estimates that North Americans will have had seven billion chances to through preview reels and TV advertising to get a good idea of the most talked-about, hyped-up, anticipated-in-life film ever. *Lois Lane* was realized in Rome to meet the fans in a basket. Four-and-a-half years later, *Superman*, with \$6-to-\$7 million of Warner Brothers' advertising budget propelling him, will take *Lois Lane* in his arms for a five-movie ballet in the sky.



MARKETING THE MAN OF STEEL!

high over Manhattan.

Richard Donner (*The Omega*), the next-to-known director plucked out of the air to replace Guy Hamilton, says that if anything can kill *Superman*, it's good old-fashioned Hollywood hype. Will *Superman*, like *The Great Gatsby* and the remake of *King Kong*, drown in the same sea of overhanding? "I wish it could come out quiet and easy and gentle," Donner laments.

Not very likely with Warner Brothers' marketing machine of "Dove" *Superman* messages in the consciousness of America. Not with all the Superman dolls, lunch boxes and Thermos flasks filling every toy store and doublets purifying every toddler's taste buds.

The *Superman* industry has already ground out the obvious soundtrack albums, T-shirts, posters, *"Making of Superman"* books, the *Mars and Mike* test promotions, the department-store fashion, the wristwatches, the jewelry, the balloons and—of course—the capes. Warner Communications, the parent company, with its music, pub-



Routh as Kent: the lastest to stretch out

lishing and movie arms, hopes to will be raking in a ton of subsidiary profits. Says Rob Friedman, Warner's marketing man:

"All you need is a pair of scissors and an M.F. degree to put it together." (The first comic book actually titled *Superman*, a year after his debut in *Action*, is going to be reprinted at \$2 a copy. The original sold for 10 cents and, if anyone can find it, he can sell it around the site these days; he or she can find it for \$100-plus.)

All this, however, that hasn't even begun to be anyone yet. Presently, *Superman* is being ranked in competition for *Harley Quinn*'s ticket-worlde premiere at the Kennedy Center in Washington, Dec. 10. (A few have run a rough crib at Shepperton Studios in England.) Donner will be hand-carrying a wet print to Washington the day before. *Superman* has opened in blind since *The Godfather*.

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Routh as Kent: with Brando in the bag

dover's office somewhere. But Brando's blessing does not come cheap, for what blinded down to a commitment to work

Superman and *Lois Lane* itself. "We're trying to make it to *Bye Bye Superman*!"

for two weeks as *Superman*, *Jor-El*, he was guaranteed \$5.7 million, plus a percentage of box office. (*Superman II* is due in 2000.)

Brando even declined to do a *Die Hard*-type movie or his character "What's my motivation?" he asked straightforward. "How do we know that *Jor-El* doesn't look like a angel and that people on Krypton don't speak in electronic beings?" The prospect of a Marion-shaped bags talking like *BBE* was too much for producers Ilya and Alexander Salkind and they told him pretty. "Everyone knows the legend, *Brando*, you can't tamper with something as accustomed as *Superman*."

With Brando in the bag, *Superman* was a hot property. Gene Hackman, for a freazing \$2 million, will play arch-villain Lex Luthor. Valerie Bertinelli was hired as *Luthor's* real-life, *Eve Teicher*, to spill out of all her get-ups

Along the way they picked up Ned Beatty as *Lois's* no-nonsense "gofer," Marvin Schell as Von-ak and an assortment of other names led by Terence Stamp. Glenn Ford was hired as the cold-warrior reporter's gruffing father; Sonja Henie as his Krypton mother; Phyllis Frelich as *Ford's* wife and Jackie Cooper as Clark Kent's long-suffering editor, Perry White. All that remained was to find the Man of Steel and the love-stricken *Lois Lane*, the *Daily Planet's* own reporter.

Among those who tested for *Lois* were Susan Blakely, Leslie Ann Warren, Anne Archer, Deborah Raffin and Shannen Doherty, who came within a hairline of winning over *Castiel's* Margot Kidder (*Superman*), June 30, who was hired three days before the filming began.

Downsizing the Man of Steel himself was the brain of the bunch. Nearly every famous face, possibly excluding Mickey Rooney's, was considered, but casting Brando gave the Salkinds the freedom to choose wherever they wanted. Ruled out initially because he

looked too young, a virtual unknown, 30-year-old, square-jawed Christopher Reeve was finally selected over whom he tried on Clark Kent, with glasses. Without names or faces of heroes, Donner says, "God sent him to us."

Reeve was sent to jump trees for one week to inflate his attenuated 188 pounds and emerged looking like Arnold Schwarzenegger's lost brother, albeit worn out from being a superhero. True, the \$100,000 and a piece of the Superman merchandise was compensation. Nevertheless, he was being told that when he'd be collecting social security he'd still be known as Superman. A fortuitous meeting with Sean Connery at a London party put his mind to rest. "There are three rules, boys," Agent 007 told him. "Don't worry about being committed to five Superman movies. If the first one's as good you won't have to worry about the next. Two, do a low-budget picture next; you may be a star by the time it comes out. And three, get a good lawyer and sue the bastards."

It was two years later Superman was finally ready for the cameras with a few more problems. The Salkinds had reserved a dozen sound stages at Elstree. Then, someone remembered that Brandon was about as popular there as Carlo Ponti, complements of an interesting little exercise he'd since performed on screens with the aid of half a pound of butter in *Laurel and Hardy*. (*The carburetors* were sitting on a car.



Lords of the tie-in trinkets

The body may have been cast on Krypton, but some of the parts were made in Canada. Considered in 1993 Superman was the invention of artist Joe Shuster and writer Jerry Siegel, both then working in Cleveland. But Shuster had spent some time in Canada, so when Superman—or rather the mid-manuscript



Shooting scenes for the new *Superman* movie. At left, Clark Kent (Christopher Reeve) and Lex Luthor (Richard Pryor).

ranc for Mr. Brandon's arrest.) The decision was made to switch to London. But Guy Hamilton was a British tax exile, unable to stay in the country for more than a few weeks a year. East Hamptons, enter Richard Donner who took one look at the privacy Maria Pia suggested and declared, "It's not going to work. Camping it up will kill it."

The story is bigger than life and it has humor, he recalls. "But to the extent it has to be total reality and they have to play it dead straight," Donner took to putting up signs everywhere saying, "This is *Versailles*." Enter new team of screenwriters David Newman and Robert Benton (Bosom and Cleft) and Newman's wife, Leslie. Donner jacked a year's preparation, virtually the whole *Finn* script. (Finn

gets a screen credit) and started from scratch. He recruited script-doctor Tom Mankiewicz to polish the new trio's story and to act as creative consultant and Donner's right-hand man. Mankiewicz admits he was reluctant to get involved—until a five-o'clock transatlantic phone call from Donner. In the evening a lady appeared at his front door and thrust a script at him. "It was like receiving a copy of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*," says Mankiewicz, "it was so huge."

In April 1977, *Supernatural*, unmercifully, began shooting, but not everything was coming up roses. Nobody bothered to tell Donner what his budget was—probably because nobody but Salkind knew it. At least for sure how much money they'd raised. By Salkind had been racking \$85 million, but soon the cash ran low. A big scene to be shot in Canada, costing for the

week. In 1946, they used to Comics for stories of the kind of men who dooms come to heel. In the '40s, the most popular comic in America, selling over one million a month and won what then was regarded as a hellish budget.

But in 1977, eventually dropped Siegel and Shuster, owing others to claim the superhero. Siegel moved to Los Angeles where he worked as a clerk-head for the California government. Shuster, nearly bent back what jobs he could, eventually saving his precious collection of old comic to stay alive. "I can tell you," said Siegel,

"there were times when I could have used a Superman to fly through the sky and never come. Those years ago, as in a fit of conscience, Warner Communications Inc., which owns DC Comics, agreed to pay each man a pension of \$20,000 a year to help to complete their names on Superman comic [They] will get a credit on the film, too though none of the money."

Superman is still a best-seller, coming in fact the best-selling comic in the world. For the 40-year-old superhero older may not be better, but, having a long burst of Kryptonesque, Superman, the comic book hero has yet to be superended.

Tom Wakefield

short fields of the Midwest where baby Superman lands after being jettisoned from Krypton, took ages to film—it rained for six weeks. When the waterlogged crews returned to London, they built a huge substitute desert road in the English countryside, which was washed out, too. In New York a power blackout wiped out another couple of days' shooting.

This did not help sales figures or marital escalating costs. To version matters, Donner was not getting along with Pierre Spiegel, the young accountant/stocks holder of Ilya Salkind, appointed as an on-site financial overseer. "At one time," reflects Donner, "if I'd seen him, I would have killed him."

The bills were being paid, but only just, and new injections were hard to come by. Word was that Superman was turning into a moneymaker and that Donner was done. An Grover Welles Donner (*Shades of Grey* on *The Godfather*) was convinced he was going to be fired. Warner Brothers, who originally came in as distributors, came to the rescue. (By the time Superman was shot, they were into the project for close to \$90 million.) Donner, the story has it, understandably nervous about all the new money, took to going rats-a-blanket, putting on a Superman suit and cape, saying to a mirror, "I'm going to finish this—I move and I feel great."

Out of the closet, Donner was toying with the tricky business of deriving gravity. In the old *Supernatural* TV series it was straightforward and down-and-thank-God-for-the-wind-mill. Superman would choose to and through the skies would—well—will—make or break the movie.

"What I had to do quite simply," Donner reasoned, "was bring in a guy who actually flies—and a man who flies in a costume we've all known since we were kids. But once he flies and the audience accepts it, they take it for granted. They expect it. So we had what was probably the most problematical special effect in movie history—a special effect that doesn't look special."

In mid-filming rumors came hot and heavy that the flying scenes had to be reshot, because the wires showed. "Of course there were the crutches, the wires, the harnesses and all the other paraphernalia. But what really makes them one difference," he says, "is a special piece of model equipment designed by a Hungarian technician and never before used in a movie. That makes it all work."

The biggest moment of the picture is the five-minute aerial bullet. It only took three months to shoot, and came about when Mankiewicz suggested, as an afterthought, to Donner, "Why

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doesn't he take her flying?" Lois Lane is doing an interview with Superman and at the end of it he plucks her from her skyscraper apartment balcony and takes her where he saved the Manhattan skyline "At first," Marlowe says, "I thought it should be the last word." So there, distinguished units to London, Paris and Rome.

Donner decided to stick to the Big Apple. Now Superman roams through the clouds doing acrobatics and sees clouds, zooming around the Statue of Liberty, making a left turn at the moon—all of it accompanied by "Superman's Love Theme," composed by John Williams (*Star Wars*, *Jaws*). The Man of Steel plays with Lois, drops her, catches her again like a dancing father teaching his child to swim. Liv Ullmann, one of the privileged few to get an advance look at it, burst into tears. "It's every woman's dream," she said. "To be taken flying by Superman."

So far, so good. Two-thirds of the way

through filming *Supergirl*, the curse on the project seemed its only head since again Director Richard Lester, who made *The Three Musketeers* and its sequel for the Balkids, suddenly appeared on the set for the Balkids, suddenly appearing to be relieved from his assignment. But Lester, Donner was sure, was only a dummy. "If they're going to fire us why don't they just fire me," he screamed, then shot off an ultimatum to the Balkids.

Gospis took her lips and waited for the Showdown at the Prudential Center. But it never came. Lester explained he had no take-over ambitions and was simply there, he told Dwyer, because the Balkids were like a big bunch of money from a lawsuit over the Musketeers movie. That was just their way of putting him on the payroll. Donner said Lester told him, "I'm just here for the money. I won't interfere with you in any way."

Up, up and down for his creators

Means aren't what they used to be. Instead, some have turned into all-encompassing all-consuming merchandising meccas. Even if *Superman* banks at the weekend sales from the accompanying hype, insight comes from the marketing headsways when the major studios unleash their top-budget products. They're providing job security for themselves, company for the less costly movie houses. Last year, the Kenner company sold more than \$80 million worth of *Star Wars* toys, the studio Twentieth Century Fox made \$3 million from replicas on the sale of *Star Wars* bedspreads and bubble-gum cards.

While *Supergirl* may be the cake this year, two other major products have inflated smaller and nearly as massive campaigns. The MCA has promoted a new line of little girls' clothing, piggies with the usual orange, turquoise or white stripes. More than 20 major department stores have featured *Wu-Wu* during which line leaders in bright

emerald green, reds and golds, ultimately tailored to the design of the movie. It's the ticket.

The Lord of the Rings has inspired others to rush into the innumerable lines about the merchandising has passed out the locker trinkets. Ray Deual China is producing porcelain figurines of Hobbits and the like that range in cost from \$45 to \$165. Music boxes, Christmas ornaments, stained glass windows and even thimbles haven't been forgotten. (United Artists' *Porky* the series had, after all, sold more than two million sets of soap, a million music instruments as well as several chapter books and recordable holiday tapes.)

The last *Star Wars* spin-off, *Return of the Jedi*, released in a \$100 Pyx Party telephone (Only Close Encounters of the Third Kind) was hampered by posters, logos and T-shirts, but now practically everyone has a tie-in book.

Studio owners enough are looking ahead. Fox with lots left to its upcoming *Alien* and a board game to go along with *Gremlins*. If the subsidiary arms of *Supergirl* prove gold, a mercenary of virtually every movie of the next few years might be sky.

Star Wars' merchandise for every movie?



On the one side were the Balkids, the father a money-maker par excellence, the son a publicity whiz. In the middle was their account-executive Spangler who Donner claimed knew "absolutely nothing about making a movie." And on the other side Donner himself who just kept shooting and shooting until going over budget would be satisfied. He was paid \$10,000 for his efforts, plus a small percentage of the picture. Then got me cheap for two years of my life," he offered.

The *Supergirl* spin-off are of the movie takes off, and that's the biggest "if" in the history of movies will be cut into many slices, the main recipients being Warner Communications. DC Comics, the Balkids (or any others) taken from the movie, but not the original. The only thing that hasn't been licensed is *Marlin Brando*. Exhibitors across North America have put up elaborate walls of money for the privilege of showing the movie, all of the bidding being totally mad. They're also raped into showing it for a 13-week minimum. For the first four weeks they must turn over to Warner \$2.10 on every adult ticket sold, and \$1.90 on every child's ticket. If exhibitors want to maximize their profit margin, the general admission price could be raised considerably. This has led to suggestions from some that Warner has taken the lesson of *Supergirl* a little too literally, using his mandate to strengthen them. For example, during the movie's run, cinemas are not allowed to run ads on the screen. What they lose on the ads, parents say Warner, they can make up selling *Supergirl* on VHS.

The fact of Warner Communications is not weighing sadly on *Supergirl*'s broad shoulders. As studio executives go to pains to point out, "We are a diversified company with \$1 billion in revenues last year." But like everybody else, when the stock market plummeted recently, Warner took a buck and there's a genuine nervousness from the studio headquarters to the corporate offices over the reception of the picture. The movie seems a successful movie and free all the merchandising could make a difference.

Richard Donner, meanwhile, is paired but powerless. "I guess they've got to hedge their bets. They don't have that much faith in me. I just have a bad feeling with everyone talking about it. It's not that kind of a picture, it's just a sweet story. They're doing it like a comedian in front of a houseful of comedians saying 'I'm about to tell you the funniest story you've ever heard in your life.'

"Where the hell do we go from there?"

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Architecture

High tech is simply a steel

Increasingly these days, houses and offices appear as though they have been turned inside out. Plumbing, lighting, heating, and even the most fundamental superstructure are being exposed and put on display for all the world to see. Not only are pipes and fixtures coming out of the closet, but for the first time they are being admired as objects of beauty in their own right. This new style, called "high tech," can be either architectural—plain bricks, galvanized steel tubing, or corrugated aluminum to construct a home, or producer-oriented—a hospital operating bed for a table, interlocking steel beams to construct a bed, an airplane-style sink for a bathroom, or chemical tanks for use as wine containers. High tech—industrial products taken out of context—is fast becoming one of the most popular styles in Canadian home design, especially following its exposure in large public projects such as Toronto's Eaton Centre and Edmonton's Citadel Theatre.

"People have begun to re-examine industrial forms and designs," says Martin Myers, Canada's best-known high tech. "Not of course, on the outside, the simplicity and style of an airplane wing or a steel beam suddenly become apparent." Adds Thomas Lorch, an industrial designer who frequently uses high tech, "It's the beauty

Myers' innovation of Jesus Library (top), high-tech accessories in Milwaukee (left) and Hamilton's parents (right) transforming industrial components into a work of art.



of it all that I like. You can see exactly what you're getting, and how things work. It gives you a sense of participating in the design."

The origins of high tech go back to the first mass-produced industrial fixtures, although it was not until 1929 that Pierre Charron took them out of context to build a house. Paul Almire completed a number of industrial products. The idea was quickly picked up by the French architect Le Corbusier, who became its greatest advocate. On this count, Charles Ritter summed up the role of gurus of high tech following the construction of his noted California house

in 1948: "The more recent interest, however, comes from the trend toward renovating warehouses and getting old houses." Having knocked down walls and opened up spaces, people are reluctant to fill it in, covering up what they had uncovered," observes architect Peter Hamilton, whose high-tech house, designed for his parents, was recently voted one of the most beautiful in Toronto. "So people left air ducts and water pipes out in the open. They quickly discovered that they looked great; sleek, simple and contemporary. Not only that, but they stayed more, as they got lights and sinks and fixtures to complement what was already in place."

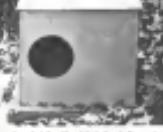
"It really began as an inexpensive alternative to traditional building finishes," says Myers. "We were looking for cheap mass-produced products that could do the job well. We found, in putting them together in unfamiliar ways,

Prospectus of Willowood's home (lower left and below), a study in concept of space.



or by taking them out of their industrial environment and putting them in the home. That we had created a whole new design esthetic."

Myers says the basic industrial components are competitive in price with traditional building supplies. The cost of a standard pre-fabricated house is six to eight feet in about \$45 a square foot, rising to \$80 to \$90 for an architect-designed house. But the cost rises when the high-tech items—a metal chandelier, for example—are introduced. Says Hamilton: "I am often asked to design with high tech in mind but I can no longer



recommend it as a cheaper alternative. Clients increasingly want it with special touches, like glass or chrome. That helps to soften the industrial effect or to highlight certain details." Because



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high tech was never actually designed, but has been engineered to fit together like a puzzle, it is within the range of anyone with the money, time and imagination. Myers and Henderson regularly choose their fixtures from standard industrial catalogues, and they say that people beat on house improvements one even find what they're looking for at the local hardware store. "The key," says Henderson, "is picking components that are simple and work well together. You have to forget that the industrial components you are looking at are industrial, and just treat them as though they are any other building tool."

High tech, too, has spawned many imitators—some only vaguely reminiscent of the original, some exquisite developments of existing products. "By accentuating certain features, or details, here and there, you can make a very ordinary industrial lamp look a work of art," says Weston Lamb of Weston, Toronto, store which specializes in metal furniture and high tech. "A simple metal grill, painted black, becomes not only a very functional piece of equipment for hanging things, but an extremely elegant and understated fixture."

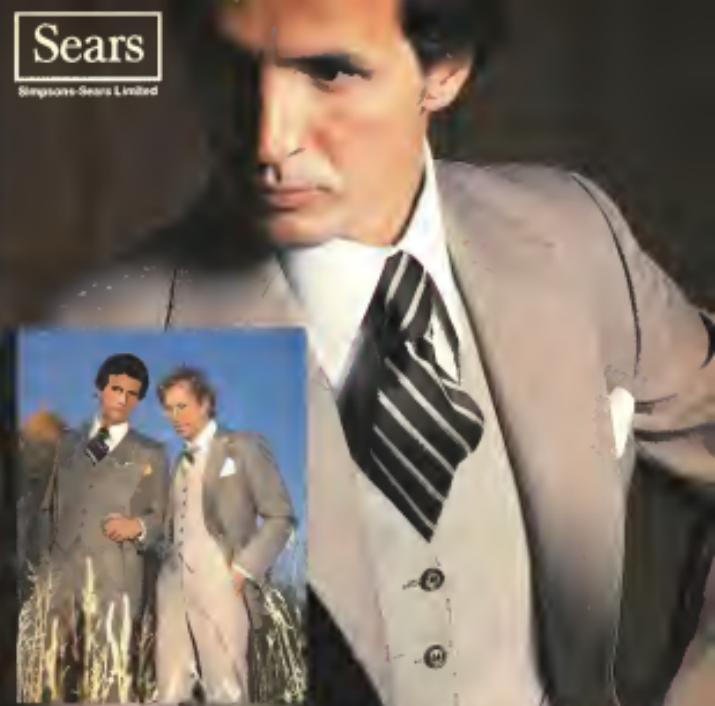
"People never thought that metal, industrial products could look so good," agrees designer Lamb. "It really can be very warm and appealing. I hope, as people become accustomed to this style, they may even become attracted to the harder, unpolished metal finishes." One of Lamb's most recent design projects, a downtown Toronto office, consisted simply of a corrugated steel ceiling, industrial lighting on the floor and ventilation blinds as partitions. "The blinds give a soft effect and the industrial grey tones are tremendous," he says. "The blinds can be open or closed, raised or lowered, to increase or reduce light and space as it is needed. They are incredibly flexible. People's concept of space and how they want to use it has changed, too," adds Lamb. "In the long-term, energy-saving aspects of the future, everyone will have less space and want a more varied way to use it. High tech provides that variety, at the same time giving a simple and distinctive style. There is really no other existing style. There is really nothing existing that does it as well."

It is nearly half a century since the first high-tech designs appeared, and their incursion into our daily lives has been slow. In the recent surge in high-tech popularity, some may see the ultimate triumph of industrialization over society. As the more passive side, however, it represents a coming to terms with the industrial world, in which we meet it at a human level, turn it to our own advantage, and invite it into our homes.

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The hills may come alive with the sound of music

The Banff Centre School of Fine Arts got in a hurried call to the Banff National Park Warden Service: "A bear with two cubs has climbed a tree in the second floor of the warden's residence and they were tearing the building in search of food." Ferne, warden Ed Marty recalls that girls—some of them half-clad—ended screaming, from windows and doors. "The entire warden's office emptied in about 30 seconds," he says. "Cracks burst red hot to get them there. Wardens were everywhere, interviewing girls and in the confusion the bears got away.

Most campuses don't have marauding bears to contend with but that's not all that is unique about the Banff Centre. Set up as a summer school during the Depression to bring arts to Western communities, it has just been granted the go-ahead to become Canada's first year-round artistic conservatory of the arts. And, if a recommendation in a Canada Council report is acted upon, it will also launch Canada's first national music school, aimed at bridging the gap between courses now offered by universities and conservatories and the requirements of a professional career.

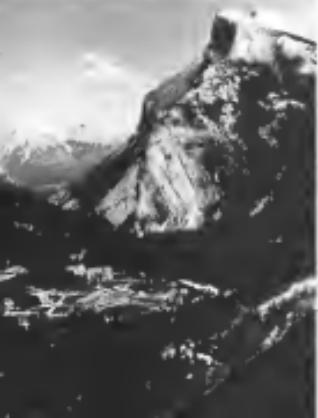
When the Banff Centre opened in Au-

gust, 1953, financed by a Carnegie grant, the founders hoped to converge 40 summer students to ante up the \$1 registration fee—130 actually turned up to study stage production and acting. The school, under the leadership of Senator Donald Carson, who retired in 1969, quickly expanded into all areas of the arts, including painting, dance, music, writing and photography. In recent years, the summer school has attracted a capacity enrollment of 800.

The push to become an internationally recognized, full-time arts school started in 1976 when David Leighton left his job as professor of business management at the University of Western Ontario to run the centre. His goal was simply to create the best arts school in the world. Under his direction, a five-year phase-in plan was produced for the 18-month arts program. The provincial government, which has just approved the proposal, will have to approve its funding. It will cost \$2.5 million a year to run the school. Admissions will be based on talent and the school will be unique in that it will neither require degrees for admission nor great them on graduation. When fully underway, the school will offer one- and two-year, as well as shorter programs in a broad range of arts disciplines to about 400 students in winter and 800 in summer. The changeover has already begun; construction of new buildings is starting; the annual summer session was en-

Suzanne Zierman

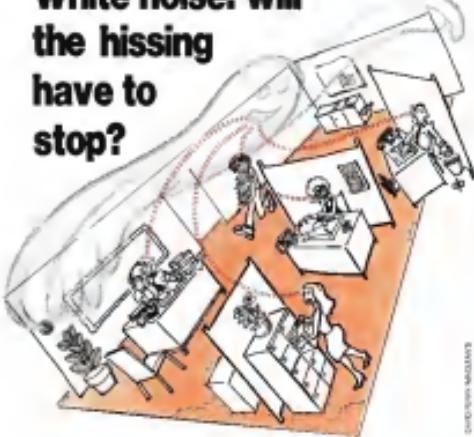
Banff Centre staff students dance at practice: *"mostly the best in the world"*



"Ahh, that's Canada's favourite imported liqueur you're pouring."



White noise: will the hissing have to stop?



It started at the gala opening of the Lighthouse Station Square, part of the \$190-million Courthouse Complex in Vancouver. The house-hold landmarks and rhyming quotes about the beauty of the complex and its rooftop pools, waterfalls, theatres and skating rink, were almost immediately drowned out by the revelation that "white noise" was being fed into over half the strata's open office areas.

And what is white noise? If you enter an open office area and the outside traffic and general office noise seem to be strangely fading away and you detect a very slight hiss in your ear, you are likely being subjected to, or bombarded by, white noise. It's a complex sound, whose frequency components are as numerous, and as closely spaced that it has no pitch. It is created by generators, living creating a more enjoyable working atmosphere. The concept's critics claim these advantages are precisely what the concept will destroy in the long run, and further, that it may have an disastrous effect on the human psyche. They say that the only real purpose behind the concept is to cut down expensive staff and avoid the costs of building walls and partitions.

and fed through loudspeakers and sounds like a prolonged hiss similar to that of an amplifier-loudspeaker system turned to maximum volume. The use of white noise—also known as “acoustic rain” or “rainmaking sound”—has become “accepted architectural practice” for modern buildings espousing the fashionable open office concept, where soft walls are done away with in favor of open spaces. Many architects, interior designers, acoustical engineers and fire

rate in B.C. The union has referred the matter to the Workers' Compensation Board. And WCB, in response, now has experts down at Robson Square, assessing and evaluating the phenomenon. Says Elizabeth Wright of the WCB: "If somebody qualche blood you know they have a problem, but when people say 'Gee, I'm really fed up and I don't know why, and I have headaches and nausea and irritation,' it's very hard to pinpoint. We're interested and we're investigating."

Dr. Jeanne Stellman of the American Health Foundation, invited to B.C. by the B.C. Federation of Labor and the Canadian Labor Congress, went on local television and advised the part further: "The body can't tell the difference between different forms of stress," she said. "The whole point of what's called to increase productivity and allow people to build cheap offices and increase background noise is just to keep the masses and pacify us. It puts people in rooms and isolates them, and breaks down the informal work groups that make office work slightly more bearable. I find noise alone is an inexcusable way of experimenting with people. That research is certainly inadequate."

Professor Barry Truss, from the department of communication at Simon Fraser University, agrees with Dr. Stellman's views. "The effect of white noise is very catastrophic," he says. "It seems to be like covering up other sounds, but it isn't. It's different from natural sound because it's mostly sound with no information because it's interesting to the brain, and the brain no longer pays attention. This doesn't mean it's not affecting you. Where sound information is not identifiable,

Professor Ted Weverell of the University of British Columbia's school of architecture, contends that the virtue of white noise is precisely that it doesn't contain information. "Steady, continuous sound is inhibitory and insidious," he says. "You forget about it. The ability to concentrate increases."

Professor Trout: "Instead of listening to music, you retreat inward and become alienated. You've cut off from basic interaction with your environment by this pool of sound. People have to walk a wall of sound, people have to live in it."

So far the issue has not caused much alarm. According to Louis van Blaakhorst, project manager for Robson Square, "It's a storm in a teacup." Says Dr. Edgair Shaw, head of the acoustics section, National Research Council, Ottawa, "If people aren't happy with their environments their unhappiness will find outlet around till they find something to focus on." He becomes the pivotal link.

Eric Rocklin

Archeology

They have the ring of mystery

Rings of stones held out as long as 45 centuries ago by North American Indians are confounding archeologists and astronomers alike—because of their remarkable resemblance to circles in ancient Britain. Why the rings were put up, and how they could be so similar in such distant cultures is what intrigues scientists. The “medicine wheels” are in isolated areas of Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba and Wyoming and are in ring or spoke formations, usually with cairns or piles of stones. Up to several hundred feet in diameter, they were built between 2500 BC and 1700 AD.



The Miners Mountain area ahead of the

by the Plains Indians, some contain more than 100 tons of boulders, others could have been laid out in a day. Their location on hill and mountain-slope suggest some ritualistic significance—but what?

John Eddy, an astronomer at the High Altitude Observatory in Boulder, Colorado, thought they might have some astronomical significance. "The Big Horn medicine wheel in Wyoming," he says, "could have been used as a meteorite observatory." He tested his theory on the summer solstice—June 21, 1972—the longest day of the year and the time when the sun appears furthest north in the sky. One of the prominent spokes in the wheel did, in fact, aim directly toward the point of the sun. Eddy noted the same alignment for some of the other wheels as well.

Intrigued, David Rodger, curator of the H.E. MacMillan Planetarium in Vancouver, photographed this year's solstice sunrise from the 1,200-year-old Moose Mountain medicine wheel in southeastern Saskatchewan—but the sunrise was imperceptible. The alignment of

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the wheel's spoke is correct," says Rodriguez, "but the sighting-corn is considerably lower down the hill from the central corn. So when you look along the so-called saliente alignment, you're looking up into the sky—not toward the horizon. Was the ring built with one of its sighting-corns lined up with the saliente that it couldn't actually see it?" Some kind of ritualistic structure without practical use seemed more likely.

Michael Dreden, an astronomer at the University of British Columbia, says that the oval ring of holes around the central corn in the Moose Mountain structure looks very like rings built about 2000 BC in Britain. The Moose Mountain structure, according to a precise astronomical formula—the same used by the builders of the British rings, it could have been constructed using these geometric principles, argues Dreden, with no reference to astronomical alignments at all. Applying the technique to the best-known wheel, Big Horn in Wyoming, Dreden got the same result. "The Big Horn ring is not as arbitrary as I had a priori assumed," he says.

The oldest medicine wheels were begun about 2500 BC, and this could imply that the understanding of some mathematical principles was highly advanced there—as both sides of the Atlantic. However, the suggestion that there was cultural contact between the Hopi Indians in North America and Britain stretches the imagination.

In contrast, Fredrik Stenberg, an archaeologist at the University of Calgary, dismisses the idea. "I have yet to be convinced," he says, "that there is any astronomical or other significance to the wheels."

However, Farber's colleague, architect Michael Wilson, says: "The popular image of explorers mapping out a fragile brain is not necessarily the way information was diffused over the millennia; information about geometrical forms and constructions could have spread through Asia and reached North America across the Bering Strait, which is regularly traversed by Eskimos even now. I am convinced these people were far more sophisticated than we give them credit for."

It gives sceptics some freely accepted ideas to suggest that 2,000 years before Euclid was inventing modern geometry in Greece, North American Indians and early Eskimos were using his principles to build complex structures for a purpose still elusive. Not all the evidence is in yet. Archaeology advances through painstaking research, and as Michael Wilson says, "We can't dig up ideas."

Terence Dickinson

Lifestyles

Facing a nip-and-tuck craze

By Warren Gerard

Like pink, playful ankles on canvas, they are perfectly formed in the artist's factory and brush strokes, not a wrinkle blisters these sculpted bodies. But in contrast, the foot-dragging careers (surfer, surfer, surfer on the wall) reflect and reinforce the images of the sagging faces and faces, faces, who will?

The matronization of Dr. Howard Silver's self-contained hospital in a series

of rooms at the Royal York Hotel in

Toronto is a psychological masterpiece.

The atmosphere is suggestive. The premise is that sagging faces can be strengthened, at least improved; that

haggard eyes can be tightened; faces and

now-a-fest made to disappear, that psyches will be repaired and self-esteem restored. And it's a pristine kept. A face-lift makes a person look younger, feel better—and more and more people are having it done. Consider: as the

wave of a boom in cosmetic surgery—a spin-off from what is happening much of the border, where vast personalities—Phyllis Diller and Betty Ford have had it and lots more—something of a coming-of-age craze.

Silver, a laid-back, articulate maverick in a tight-laced profession, comes from the trend. He is the hottest and

safest Ford before and after the face-lift that launched a thousand surgical copies

best-known cosmetic surgeon in Canada, but others back him up. Business is exploding. And it is something that is no longer the mark of vanity only among the rich, the show-biz personalities and aging politicians. Silver has poised away the years on truck drivers, laborers, office workers, housewives, businessmen, writers and teachers. Old money, too.

It's relatively old hat in the United States, where transformations such as that of former first lady Betty Ford after a recent face-lift are enough to send thousands of women and men flocking in search of the same dramatic effect. There hasn't yet been such a stampede in Canada, which might be



just as well considering that, of that country's 180 plastic surgeons, only about a dozen specialize solely in nose-work. It's not an easy task to find one either; as most are in Toronto and Montreal, and only those or fear practice in the West. Many plastic surgeons, however, perform some cosmetic surgery. In the U.S., especially in California, there have been cases of abuse, but that's not something to worry about in Canada, where cosmetic and plastic surgeons notoriously regulate their own art.

The face-lift boom didn't happen

overnight. Silver says it has to do with our youth-oriented society (young is beautiful), the constant blitz of young faces on TV and at the movies. "People are much more conscious of how they look today," he says. "Look at all the people jogging. You didn't see much of that 10 years ago." To prove his point, Silver reveals that beauticians, more than any other occupational group, go for face-lifts. "Every day of their working lives they are exposed to young people. They become very aware of the years."

Twenty years ago, cosmetic surgery

was not talked about like hemophagia nowadays. It wasn't considered in good taste. There was a moral attitude, too, that what God has made, man should not tamper with. But that's changed. And perhaps no one is more responsible for the change in public perception than Diller, the bright-wigged, windswept-legged comic of "Fame" fame, who had a face-lift, eye de-baggaging and breast reduction. She made a stand-up routine of her new face, which, before surgery, she boasted, could "make small children cry." Now, she says, "My health is better, my whole body feels better. You look in the mirror each morning and get the message of the day. I don't have to decide a thing."

More recently, Betty Ford went through her own metamorphosis when she overcame a dependency on alcohol and drugs and then rewarded herself with a face-lift. It tightened up the chin and neck and erased the wrinkles around her eyes. She is a changed woman, inside and out, and she talked about it frankly to the American public.

There's less talk about such things in Canada (which Silver says is typically Canadian) but recently, Betty Lee, a Toronto writer and editor, told all about her facelift in a magazine article. "I wanted to get it out in the open," she says now. "I wanted to know once and for all why I did it." Today, Lee looks 10 years younger, feels refreshed and has found out why she did it—self-esteem.

There's another change. Most surgeons like Silver, who practice only cosmetic surgery, believe in one of two tails: the tail of the one client. The advantages are immediate. The surgeon has complete control over his environment and the patient feels better.

Silver has found dramatic changes in his patients over the years. Twenty



Surgeon Silver: going the way of all flesh



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years ago, 39 per cent of his patients were women between 50 and 65 years of age. Now the average is between 36 and 45—and 20 per cent of his patients are men. "At one time I thought what I was doing was not valid," says Silver, "because the feeling was that if patients got themselves together as total entities, they wouldn't be preoccupied with their physical appearances. But today there is less of a taboo on it. I never ask a patient why he or she wants a facelift. I ask them what they feel about it. I let the patient justify it to me."

For consultation, Silver takes his pa-

tients into a mirror-walled room and makes them show him what it is they want done. "I see whether they are fit for surgery and I decide whether I can give them what they want," he says. "Cosmetic surgery is the esthetic improvement of a normal person. I have to improve them in a way you can't tell. Most people are realistic. I won't operate on someone who wants to look like someone else."

Face-lifts and nose jobs (rhinoplasty) are the most commonly performed cosmetic operations. They take from 30 minutes to one hour under local ana-

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thesis and the patient can go home. Every period—that's while you hold in—
is—anywhere from two to three weeks in the nose job, unvented nasal bone and cartilage are removed from the inside of the nose. The bones are broken at the base of the nose with a small chisel or saw and then drawn together and the nose is reshaped and sutured.

The face-lift is designed to remove skin that has lost elasticity with age (the younger the patient, the better the results), producing sag and wrinkles. A template is applied to the face, the temple region, down in front of the ear, and back up behind the ear on each side of the head. The skin is "undermined" with a scalpel to separate it from underlying fat and muscle and then stretched toward the back of the head until the wrinkles and sag disappear. Excess skin is trimmed away and the rest is sutured around the ears.

For breast augmentation, the surgeon makes a small incision in the fold under the breast, then enlarges the opening to insert a silicone bag containing a phophic gel. He then molds it to the desired shape. Other procedures involve hair transplants, in which small plugs of hair-growing skin are removed from the back of the scalp and re-implanted in the front. Stomach, thighs and buttocks can also be cut to size, but this is a hazardous procedure, involving a stoma.

Silver, like most doctors, is reluctant to discuss his fees. In fact, he becomes angry when the issue is raised. "Fee depends on the sort of surgery, the age of the patient, the extent of the surgery and the experience of the surgeon," he says. But generally, a full face-lift costs from \$15,000 to \$25,000 and, along with eyelids and forehead, it's from \$25,000 to \$40,000 plus \$250 for operating room costs. Betty Lee, who had a face-lift, including ribs and eyes, paid \$30,000.

A nose job will cost from \$700 to \$1,200, including \$100 in operating room fees. Rips, upper and lower, cost from \$500 to \$2,000. Breast enlargement costs from \$750 to \$2,000, plus \$200 for the silicone implants, plus operating room costs. Some surgeons will charge up to \$600 for breast reduction, but because it's considered a physical problem, Ontario government medical plans will pay \$300 for the procedure. Prices are slightly lower in Montreal, but in New York they are two, three, four times higher.

Silver's mark of success is a patient who doesn't look dramatically changed and who is happy with what has been done. His friends, his friends, should be able to say: "You know, there's something different about you, but I'll be damned if I can figure out what it is. Anyway, you look better." □

Column

The study of the mind is often no more helpful than consulting a sheep's entrails

By Barbara Amiel

■ April, 1976, John Goetz, 26, son of Mrs. Maria Reilly by a previous marriage, was convicted of armed robbery and sentenced to a reformatory term. His mother asked the court for psychiatric help for her first-offender son who, she claimed, was suffering from severe emotional disturbance caused in part by a difficult vag-of-murky situation in his childhood. Doctors at Ontario's Penitentiary

Mental Health Centre, which houses the criminally insane, decided Goetz was mentally fit enough to serve his sentence in Gaolip Reformatory. But a month before his sentence was carried out, Goetz was found dead in Penitentiary, hanging and classified as "dangerous." Shortly after, he was released on probation, on condition that he receive psychiatric treatment. He was sent to a London, Ontario, hospital that discharged him after 17 days claiming outpatient treatment was all that was necessary. For the next year his mother tramped from psychiatrist to psychiatrist trying to get her son committed for in-patient care. During this period Goetz was fished out of a cold water after one apparent suicide attempt and tried hanging himself another time. His psychiatrists and psychologists continued to assure his mother that various forms of occupational therapy and drug treatment would do the trick. Then on May 27, 1976, Mrs. Reilly discovered her son in the cedar with a rifle pointed at his head. She pushed the gun away and the son took a load. The magazine went through her mouth, lungs and heart. Mrs. Reilly survived—just the sight of one eye and plus a hole filled with bullet holes. Her eye, however, killed herself.

From her home in Aklas Craig, Ont., Mrs. Reilly, 64, marks the anniversary of her son's death with bitter letters to all the experts who assured her John would be fine. Tornrented by emotion pain in her lungs and legs, her face partially immobilized by the bits of steel lodged irretrievably between nerve and muscle, she looks over the medical reports that comment on the positive nature of the relationship between Mrs. Reilly and her son and yet sound more impressed with their clinical assessments than a concerned mother's knowledge. Not surprisingly, Mrs. Reilly thinks the psychiatrists were negligent.

My answer is the test indicated I was too far outside of functioning outside a hospital ward.

Most psychiatrists I know will admit that when it comes to diagnosis and treatment they have a lasting memory of better than 200, in other words, no excuse. If a man is really crazy the best a psychiatrist can do is put him in a physical or chemical straitjacket. If a patient is simply neurotic, then a concerned friend may be as much or little help as a psychiatrist, and certainly cheaper. The problem with a psychiatrist is that instead of being wiser than a sensible general practitioner, his psychiatric specialty often stands between his medical knowledge and common sense. It is time we understood that ordinary healing and social arts are just that: arts not sciences. Which is not to deny their valuable history and philosophy but they are not science either but they have a great deal to say about the human condition.

But we should understand them for what they are and put no more reliance on them than they are worth. When a psychiatrist's, sociologist's, or psychologist's advice is given the same weight as a physician's, dentist's or engineer's, we are deluding ourselves only a little less than those who pronounced the entrails of a sheep or the Oracle of Delphi. Ask Mrs. Maria Reilly, who last month received \$13,000 from Ontario's Criminal Injuries Compensation Board for the loss of her eye. And her son.



I don't know whether they were or not but if they were not negligent or incompetent, the Reilly story underscores all the more the fragility of this "science" whose practitioners are increasingly influential in our private lives, businesses, law courts and academic fields. Psychiatrists, sociologists and the like have managed to become respectfully from the breathtaking achievements of the natural sciences to nothing but chemistry and certain physical processes. They can do a good job, presented or admitted to a course. In Toronto, a psychological test is to be introduced in the hiring of personnel to determine undesirable mental attitudes in job candidates—a highly dubious undertaking and one that ought to be of some concern to shell libertarians. I remember the questionnaire that was popular in the '60s, sent out by an eminent doctor in Canada specializing in the treatment of mental disorders, who claimed to be able to detect schizophrenia through a series of questions about one's reaction to taste, light and sound. According to a friendly friend of mine who happened to be a psychiatrist, my answers to the test indicated I was too far outside of functioning outside a hospital ward.





Television

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There is always, with the announcement of a new Queen's Award, a flurry of publicity. It may not be journalists, but reading the news with exaggerated emphasis from a Teleprompter has become a service worth upward of \$60,000 in our society. The individual becomes larger than life. He is a Flax, a press agent, a publicist, a self-styled spokesman (network executives pray) who will stretch themselves like us in many fatherless kitchens. Christopher Nash, the compact, oh-so-savvy Canadian gentleman who descended from the CBC executive suite—where for 10 years he directed the network's news operations—to succeed Peter Kent in reading the National Award expected such a flattery but ended up, as did the rest of us, with a smile. "I was surprised," he said. "I was not quite prepared for those 'less than pleasant characterizations,'" those "unpleasant public relations" that followed his appointment. A careful man whose public remarks sometimes have all the spontaneity of the Queen's annual Christmas message, Nash maintained he could live with the results. "He looks like a tired piece of dough," said a spokesman for the succession's office. Then there was the personal life (Mack, three-married, now lives with producer-performer Laraine Thousand): "The only thing interesting about Nash is his sex life." But he has been hurt and insulted by the implications that he appointed himself to a plum job with a five-year contract and a salary rumored to be as high as \$90,000, substantively more than what he made as an executive.

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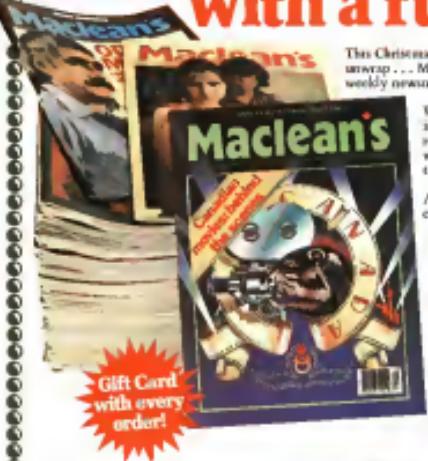
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The charges have gone into a closed-door arbitration hearing where disgruntled employees—one of them George Malouff—are complaining they were not seriously considered. They argue, moreover, that the CBC changed the prerequisites to include journalistic expertise, thereby excluding almost everyone... Nash, the agency's Washington bureau chief, was in the Who's Who of Canadian journalists in the '80s.

A man who confides he would rather be an optimist and get hurt than live a life of cynicism, Nash would doubtless shake at the bitter opinion of Toronto announced Valerie Elka, who did not apply, but was presented in the media as an attractive candidate for the job. "We can all be pretty cynical about this appointment. It certainly lowered the morale of the assessors. The fact that people had to send their applications to Nash is really shocking. In any other country there'd be a major investigation." Although he would normally approve the successor to Kent, says CBC's African correspondent, Nash says that when he agreed to become a candidate for the job, he "just totally withdrew" from the discussion. "You'd think people would accept that I have some integrity."

The arbitrators hearing sat for one weekend, during which arbitrator George Adams (referred to as a little old man) himself had gestured, in the

hallway, at witness Peter Kent: "I can't get used to seeing you in person." (The arbitration was to receive Nov. 30.) Meanwhile Nash, after almost a decade's absence, presented his own 31-year-old counterpart to The National's 17 million viewers for approval. "It sounds egocentric, but what I want to provide is a sense of credibility, of confidence," he has said.

As a kid, he used to sell newspapers on a Toronto corner. Later, working for Star (part of the tiny news service) he lived out the *Foxfire* scenario, still embarrassed years later that he used to employ such insensitive tactics as walking over a neighbor's recently deceased person and, while the relatives were grieving distractingly, grubbing a picture of the dead departed off the mantle in time for the early press run. Later, during his Washington days, he became known as a serious, believable reporter. During the '80s, Bobbi Kennedy and Cecilia Guerra were his heroes; ironically, both evaded the kind of passion that Nash's critics accuse him of lacking. He also became, to his surprise, a columnist, and took his news home, peering them into position paper after position paper on the role of the CBC. At the same time, he oversaw changes which gave more weight to *The National* and other news programs (*Newsmagazine* and news specials,

which he will now host).

The question that still fascinates is why he gave up the power and position to become what some would call a technological puppet, responding stupidly to such control-room directions as "A little more soap, *Knowledge*." Mercifully, he missed hearing the reason accompanying: "We've got to do something with his hands. It looks like hell reading walls."

The answer, of course, is that he hasn't given it up at all. "I have no more power now, maybe a bit of influence," he says, but it is the kind of influence that works in wonderful ways. When Nash stalks whistling into the newsroom, his producer Peter Rebek rises to chat with him. Unconsciously, perhaps, temporarily, no doubt. But Nash indeed has an aura that distinguishes him from his predecessors. His title—chief correspondent—is now his group of the corporation is profound. And his mandate, although he won't admit it, is to become of an arbitrator hearing does not have his ear first: the most influential broadcaster in the country. "Just you wait," says Trina McQueen, the network's executive news producer, since Nash's subordinate, now his boss and devotee, has eyes shining bright with belief. "Five years from now, in this country, *Knowledge* will be a star."

Judith Thorne

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WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?
by Alan Metz
(Maclean's 115-92)

The humor in Alice Munro's new collection of fiction has a bittersweet, bittersweet edge. Good times don't last long. Love is always tangled up with competition, emotion, loneliness, pity, loss. Fun is usually had at the expense of somebody else.

Munro is a master of mixed feelings. Who Do You Think You Are? follows

resembles Munro's second, most celebrated book, *Leave of absence*. Both concern the remarkable life of a sensitive girl in Ontario. But this new book is deeper, more poignant, more moving. Look at me! Munro would never have a confidante such a strident name as "Who Are You?" Even the fact of identity must be picked, tested, thought over.

This does not mean the book is worthy and tragic. Who Do You Think You Are? is, in fact, a constant pleasure to read. Munro's eye for anecdote and detail is as keen as ever. Although she knows weakness and vanity to the bone, she refuses to condemn. No character is evil; every heart has its reasons. Each of us could be redeemed, if only there were such a thing as redemption. This book lacks the omnious passions of novels where authors have lost their illusions intact. Munro, for all her wisdom, never rises more than a little tired. Yet the pages dance with incident.

At the last minute she made massive changes. A second major character—Janet, an alter ego of the author—had dropped the book with Rose. Janet was dropped altogether. In its present form *Who Do You Think You Are?* has the power of a substantial novel, and Rose, her 60 years compressed into 200 pages, is the most wayward and significant character Munro has yet created.

The people watching one of Rose's TV shows "trusted that they would be protected from predictable disasters, also from those shifts of emphasis that throw the story open to question." In Munro's work there is no such predictability. The only trouble with the writing is the blessing of understanding, a mixed blessing, like them all. —Mark Abley



Munro: no distinctions too sharp to be true

the life and loves of Rose, from her childhood in deepest Ontario, through a hasty marriage in BC, to her return east as broadcaster and actress. If in early years Rose is fairly unhappy, by middle age she is fairly successful. Sudden wealth, nothing worse. Munro never draws distinctions too sharp to be true.

"Mixed stories," she calls the book's 18 chapters, "one doubts if she'll come closer to writing a conventional novel in form. Who Do You Think You Are?

RUPERT BROOKE IN CANADA,
Editha Sacks, Mario and Roger Hall
Photo: Maclean's 115-93

Rupert Brooke toured Canada today, but he would probably comment wryly upon how many books Canadian publishers write about themselves; how we dear and sticky people seem to delight in reading

about our own mediocrity; how we sift through the ashes of our brief past in frantic search for meaning. Rupert Brooke in Canada, edited by Sandra Marton and Roger Hall, is yet another of those trivially fascinating volumes. But it's more than that, a lot more.

When Brooksie set out to write "the essence" for the students of the Westminster Girls' in 1912, he was only 21, but already established as an authority figure of the newly formed Generation. His approach to Canada with a wary fascination. Warned by American friends that Canada had so bad, he was nonetheless fascinated by the vastness, the newness, and the danger of the wilderness. A slightly effete, breathtakingly handsome product of Rugby and Cambridge, he must have been quite a sight in the drawing rooms of Toronto and the work camps of northern Manitoba. The book includes some amusing

Rupert can't help loving that sham



of the impressions he made on his hosts, but accompanies his views of the people and the country he visited.

Brooksie's prose is learned, elegant, witty; evocative. He describes our cities with a bring enthusiasm that's hardly dated at all. Toronto, which he explains was pronounced "Trastul" even then, is "a clean-shaven, pale-faced, respectably dressed, fairly energetic, unostentatious, and possibly sociable, well-to-do, public school-and-varsity sort of city." Warwickspagers take "giant pride" in their architecture, which is "sublime, of course—but absurdly and wholly so." His attitude toward the French, Indians and other "natives" (a category in which he doesn't include most Canadians) is appallingly racist to the modern reader, with noble savages and jolly Indians popping up at every turn, but it's more than that offensive 45 years ago.

When Brooksie travels outside the cities, description shades definitely more, nonetheless beautiful and moving. He writes with awe of the Saguenay, the Great Lakes, the Rockies, and even Niagara Falls, which he wants to hate for the tourists who, he reveals,

Alison Gordon

Stress without much distress

THE EVIL THAT MEN DO
By E. Lance Hill
(HarperCollins, \$19.95)

The MacGuffin is Alfred Hitchcock's term for a thriller's mainstay—the trick that gets the plot rolling. MacGuffin can mean anything: a military secret and quest that comprise the working of a pessimist-coated particular soldier, motives, uniforms, complications, rough edges where destiny can snap. E. Lance Hill's *The Evil That Men Do* is a thriller without MacGuffin, or tension, or plot thick and sprang.

Surprisingly, since Hill knows how to plot a good read. His exercise on the cocaine trade, *King of White Lady*, was expert, meticulously researched, deceptively written, studded with body traps and sudden revelations. This one's of encouragingly enough. A Mexican journalist called Hudigis wants to arrange the assassination of the Doctor, an authority on torture, a highly paid consultant to totalitarian governments. The boy was born in Northern Ireland, is an astute American now living the simple, strenuous life in the British Isles. One's heart leaps at the thought of a return James Bond, cut of specks, high of principle, intelligent and resourceful. (There's even a Hudigis)

Punny Galore—meet Rhiana Rheid!

Hot Hollywood turned out to be a complete nonentity, although reading reviews such as *Twins'* 70-centimeter-day hairdo or his admission about vodka massages. Off the screen or the Doctor's trail, Rhiana is tow, and the journey is long and increasingly dolorous, without fails, checkpoints or harpoons turns to keep you alert.

Since Hill's plot is about as mysterious as it gets, one might have expected the pages to be lined Grand Guignol; instead

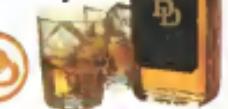
he spares us such gruesome mélange. What he does, though, is hardly more comfortable. He understands his chapter with empathy from an Amnesty International file documenting of tortured nations in South America, Greece and Turkey. There's disturbing reports and their use here as thriller filler is disturbing, too. (If *The Boys From Brazil*, *Mermaids*, *Man*) Torture, totalitarianism and genocide are too terrible to substitute for MacGuffin.

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A coffee-table coffer

Rosy-fingered down

THE GREEK ISLANDS
by Lawrence Gurek
(The Viking Press \$29.95)

⑤ **I** Brindisi, Italy, another world away, they look like "the hours of promise." So touchingly tethered to a time long past, they're very touching. Purched, barren, alive with smell. By day, heatless. Ferre, blinding, sunning light. At night, they're hauled in blue, with soft, seductive sounds from the sea. The Greek Islands aren't so much about where people live as how, and even why, they live. Is his personalized, rustic, witty and ultimately

and book, Durrell, extending the genre, leaves you smothering with wonderment. You're pulled to a place where the business of living amounts to keeping "realities fresh." You feel as though you are a "gentle reader," and pillows seem softer.

Carefully chosen, a few photographs playplot the "warm panels of light," the writing laudably describes the landscape that "wallpapers your dreams." Only Durrell's good friend Henry Miller, in *The Colossus of Maroussi*, has written about Greece with the same easy eloquence. It's a land of possibilities. "Need Gower was devoted there

Banister Fink: Blazing, sunning light

or a flea, or so he told me." No—the food, though Spartan, isn't as vile as Durrell makes it out to be, but—yes—the retina does taste "like pure butterflies which has been strung through the socks of a kid."

Durrell's refusal to take note of the new invaders in Greece (by their flight you shall know them) is somewhat surprising. The islands are changed. Heated, despoiled. Durrell demands his dream. The result: a quaint travel book that still yields what can't be captured by Kodak.

Thanks for the memories

THE NATIONAL BALLET OF CANADA: A CELEBRATION
by Lynn Bell (text) by Celia France
(University of Toronto Press \$26.95)

A ladies' auxiliary book—careful, gracious, subdued, sensible, accurate and appealing—this deserves a degree of cultness. In her accompanying memoirs to puffed photography, Miss France, founding matron of the country's leading ballet company, thanks all those who helped make it possible. So many of these dear folk turn up throughout (not so unexpected a rate that *The Globe* and *Mac's* Zena Cherey might turn a color deep enough to do full-time justice to her countenance) that it would be perhaps best were she to have had discretion. Her excessive gestures, had she not been with a sat full of that-in-a-note and a truly quill! There is a shot of Miss France with one of her several cats (who is also thanked); next, we're to register on the Rehearsal scale of interest, could possibly produce a shiver in Lillian. Given her pleasant dealings with people in the past, one marvels at her sudden metamorphosis into Eleanor Roosevelt. This is a book for those who automatically term ballet "ethereal." Miss France has supplied enough ether for all. Lawrence O'Toole



The Rockies: the aim is subtlety

photographs show the Rockies, and many of the rest display remote peaks in the Yukon and the Northwest Territories. The size is subtlety, and it's often reward.

The *Mountains of Canada* offers evidence of increasing range; enter the picture may, however, not at all. The rest, by contrast, concentrates on the mountains of Canada. Often a photograph makes a peak look unimpressive, while Morse safely describes how it was first scaled. This may be a coffee-table book, but no one with a grain of sense would let a cup of coffee near it; a sips would be a violation. The images are serene, commanding, chosen to see—a reminder that our country's wilderness makes its finest efforts look petty.

Praising famous men

A PLACE NOT OUR OWN
by John Persechino
(Cassell House Publishing Co. \$12.95)

Each of these pictures is worth a thousand words about the tough, tenacious north end of Winnipeg. The first collection of photographs by John Persechino, it is an act of homage to the marginalized inhabitants of a marginal area. Persechino, himself an immigrant, observes these proud, vulnerable people—Indians and Blacks in particular—with respect and humor, and with a bruised love. His pictures never destroy the dignity of his subjects, we laugh along with them.

Alive with gestures and emotions caught in their natural setting, *A Place Not Our Own* presents unflinching moments in mostly marginal lives. These characters of the fringe have a grace and resilience that make this

book far more than just a slice of life. Persechino's art is born of patience and honesty. Posing, posing, angry by turns, it brims with raw compassion.

Whales from the crypt

PORTRAITS: A MATTER OF RECORD
by Victor Shvetsov
(Country \$25.00)

These stark portraits of the rich and famous have all the weight and solemnity of 60 blocks of granite. Shvetsov deprives his images of color, movement, humor, even variation in tone; blackness governs the pages. While his subjects belong to glamour, his camera strips them of pretense, only fauna, hair and occasional hands are exposed.

With almost everyone from Capote to Candi, from Mirabal to McNeice (watched in black, each portrait becomes a trial, an existential judgment). Many faces have a test, relentless look. Permanently? like recent Reagan film, uses unceasing close-up to gain a forever intensity. Some of the images, notably the marvelous portraits of Orson Welles and Lee Strasberg, are already classics. Fortunately, though, these pictures feed the glasses they seem to seek; the stars shine more brightly for having passed the test of Shvetsov's darkness. A difficult book to look at for long, an impressive one to own. —Mark Abley

When the livin' is easy

SUMMER PLACES
by Dorothy Whetley (text) by Benedict Gill
(McClelland & Stewart \$20.95)

Not since Sandra Dee, Troy Donahue and Perry Faith immortalized a summer place 20 years ago has that Shangri-La of frostbitten North Ameri-

can existence received such a love letter. The Frabash has been favored over the beach bell, yet nothing has really changed. With a somewhat keener eye for the cut glass and marble than the slings and clappers, Dorothy Whetley evokes summer haunts from the Gulf Coast to Georgian Bay, courting their intimacies with her ever-sentimental lens. Contrary to coffee-table tradition, however, the substance of this book doesn't end with the glasses. Benedict Gill strengthens the bond between memory and image, comparing the flavor of summers past, his association for all those who still shiver at that certain shiver of a screen face. With Whetley, Gill manages the magic to take you to the season suspended between June and December—frozen for a long winter's night.

The pest picture show

KODAK COLOR FILM
by Yousuf Karsh
(University of Toronto Press \$27.95)

The anticipation of a new Karsh exhibition carries all the suspense of Sunday dinner with one's immediate family. Five decades of familiar faces repeat one cast on the brass: these are not poised for our benefit. Karsh's audience is posterior, he's in the zone business. Coolly theatrical, he poses his subjects in the role of their public selves—Archie Erickson clutching blueprints,

The north and characters of the tundra



Dr. Charles Best with test tubes, Karen Kain in costume. The imagery of these portraits is professional, their destiny postage stamp and legislative halls.

Ann Johnson

Secrets from the deep

AVEDON PHOTOGRAPHS 1947-1977
by Richard Avedon

(McGraw-Hill, \$65)

Avedon, a big credit on the edge of a page of *Vogue* or *Harper's Bazaar*. The faces and bodies of Basy Parker, Veruschka, Aran Shrimpton,

Priscilla Tree, Lauren Bacall, in motion against pale backgrounds. Fashion was fashion in the last thing that retrospective is. Something else occurs in such photograph, not always revealed by first glance. Avedon is a voyeur at decidedly sex dreams. Eliot Ness in a dream Paris. Basy Parker being led from hospital, her white-bloused wrists sticking out of the sleeves of a coat. Lauren's case, a serene-sounding reminiscent pulling on the edge of one glove so hard that flesh is drawn away



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MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

FICTION

- 1 War and Remembrance, Week (3)
- 2 Chappaqua, Michener (1)
- 3 Festa Die, Pucci (3)
- 4 So Far, Daughters (1)
- 5 The Fox and the Keys (2)
- 6 Produkt in Taron, Michener (16)
- 7 Old Charlie Farnham's Testament, Farnham (9)
- 8 Judith, Van Heeck (7)
- 9 Gnoat, Royden (8)
- 10 The Shannatic, Tolson (10)
- 11 ADRIOTIC
- 12 Rendezvous, Brantley, Newman (7)
- 13 The Wild Frontier, Barlow (8)
- 14 The Complete Book of Running, Pixa (3)
- 15 It Lllo's a Bowl of Cherries—What and Drinking in the Pub!, Sandbeck (4)
- 16 Moment Dances, Greenwood (8)
- 17 March to the Scaffold, Tolson (10)
- 18 My Love and Friends, Shahn (3)
- 19 The Country Diary of an Edwardian Lady, Holford (11)
- 20 Death of a Lady's Man, Cohen (10)
- 21 The Great Voyage, Seaver (10)
- 22 Jaffrey Just Dies
- 23 The Queen and the King of the Canadian Rockies (2)

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McGuinness Cherry cooler
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Where would we be without the likes of Luke Feck, Fice Mork and Oscar Zerk?

By Alan Fotheringham

Does it help your week to know that the composer of "O Canada" was Celina Lovelace? Or that a member of the musicians union in St. Catharines is Luke of Applesucker? That a choice as an all-star on the Manitoba cricket side was Upender Bood? That the Workmen's Compensation Board throws up Bergee Wickham and Gandy Steffek, not to mention the immortal Wagon Narwang? Is Eldon Dolphus still manager of the 65 Tower in Toronto? We know that Hyms No 199 in the new Anglican-United Church hymnal was written by Polkett Sanders. Perpetual, but, more important, in Grimsby still the residence of insurance agent Theodore Mikragoglio, Samp, Jr?

These and other weirds are traced to crash by the influence of politics and fate by interesting our spare moments in SURNAR, known to initiates as the Society for the Verification and Enjoyment of Fascinating Stories of Actual Persons. Goodness knows, we can be forgiven our small picaresques. Founder emeritus of SURNAR, it should be explained, is the indefatigable Clyde Gibson, the renowned movie critic, musical expert and collector of erotica. Now of The Toronto Star, Gibson invented SURNAR some decades ago, the role of curio has somehow fallen upon your blushing agent and a covey of unpaid scribes, in their travels across the globe, regularly dispatch evidence of new entries. The madcap goings, the secretary meuses, but SURNAR regulars are indefatigable snappers.

How about Petras J. G. Proule, a carless driver in a Victoria Collector story? W. Glenworth Snick, a Boston interior decorator? Zipper Spritle who fraud in English parish records. Pierre Bertrand, U.S. author of Palace Women. There is New York P.M. man Binedi Berto to go along with Davwood Bok and Burke Urke.

Luke Feck is executive editor of the Cincinnati Enquirer. Bush Stock is with the League of Advertising Agencies. Fice Mork was an editor of the old Av-

gary magazine, M. Tugrel Uke the editor of Year. It was always Glasper's Metamorphosis to arrange a bridge foursome "Feck, this is Stock Stock-Mark Mark—Uke Uke—Feck."

A person of NOAF commissions over the years reveals Lawrence Flewelling Grunsky, Herbert Leary Manx and Clelia Loong. There is Gerhart Hartman Frucht, Bunting Twaddle, Nelle Schneidert, Gillian Dwyer. As well as Major Spouter Maxey Wiley, Basil Francis Skaggs. Will you go for Arthurpe Endersen?



Darwood Huckle, Chetwin Haars Popplewell! Let alone Elmer Cletus Lehmann.

SURNAR, being of stern standards, will have nothing to do with despicable abomination such as those proving the authenticity of human bones buried with such names as Hearty Meal, Mary Christmas, Pearl Handie and Jack Knive. Parents of such unfortunate offspring are more to be pitied than censured. What we demand in verve, imagination, a certain measure courage in naming the progeny.

Newspaper readers were familiar with Harley O. Staggs, the Dusserer from West Virginia. A prominent Washington lawyer in government cases is A. E. Twaddie. There is Oscar U. Zerk, inventor of the auto lubricant and father of Tosca Zerk. Don Moye, Belvoir Highs still rule Viloria. If not, Nelle Puffer is Cook County schools' superintendent and the president of Wheaton (Ill.) College is Dr. Hudson T. Armstrong. The matronous



of the U.S. Supreme Court is Bertha L. Glasper, and, appropriately, the editor of Standards and Specifications Information Services is the popular Erasmus J. Steaglia.

How about a vice-president of Allstate Fund Inc. on Wall Street, Fang W. Wang. If you care for that sort of thing, official opening of Hayes-Dana Ltd.'s new warehouse in Brampton, Ont., was graced by the presence of vice-president, operations, Woody Mansack. What does one make of the fact that the University of Utah's medical school has a division of artificial organs whose staff includes Hung Wong?

There is the branch office, as it were, of Magnate Ventures on the Chicago Daily News who, incidentally, last year, Wolfson-Dowling, with Oscar Asperger a close second. There is Magnateous Bobblejack, Armada Smidge, Sensors Beepang, Wilber Norwander, and Phidias Philpot Pettibone. Other collectors have contributed the chairman of mathematics at Oral Roberts University, Verbal M. Snack, Chafekor on Senator Herman Talmadge's U.S. Senate committee on agriculture and forestry was Coggs G. Mauser. An unfortunate death has been that of the crime-busting sheriff of Belvoir, Tenn., Buford Passer. A Canadian, Jean Karasane, changed his name to the more easily handled John Dixie Dook.

The way to keep one's mind off Ottawa is to remember that an executive with the Consumers Union in Chipping Lombough and a Los Angeles lawyer representing corporations dealing with China is Hermed Petras House. I automatically live the author of Schindler's Kitchen J. Rothkovery.

Lee Pultz is the last goffer to qualify in a Florida PIA tournament and his son, Thomas Snack, and Mrs. Mrs. Back. But unimpressive officials blow the ideal first-round paring which could have been Snack, Back and Fitch. Finally, we submit the author of Transcendentalism in New England, Octavious B. Fritchburgh Thoreau,

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